Sept. 21, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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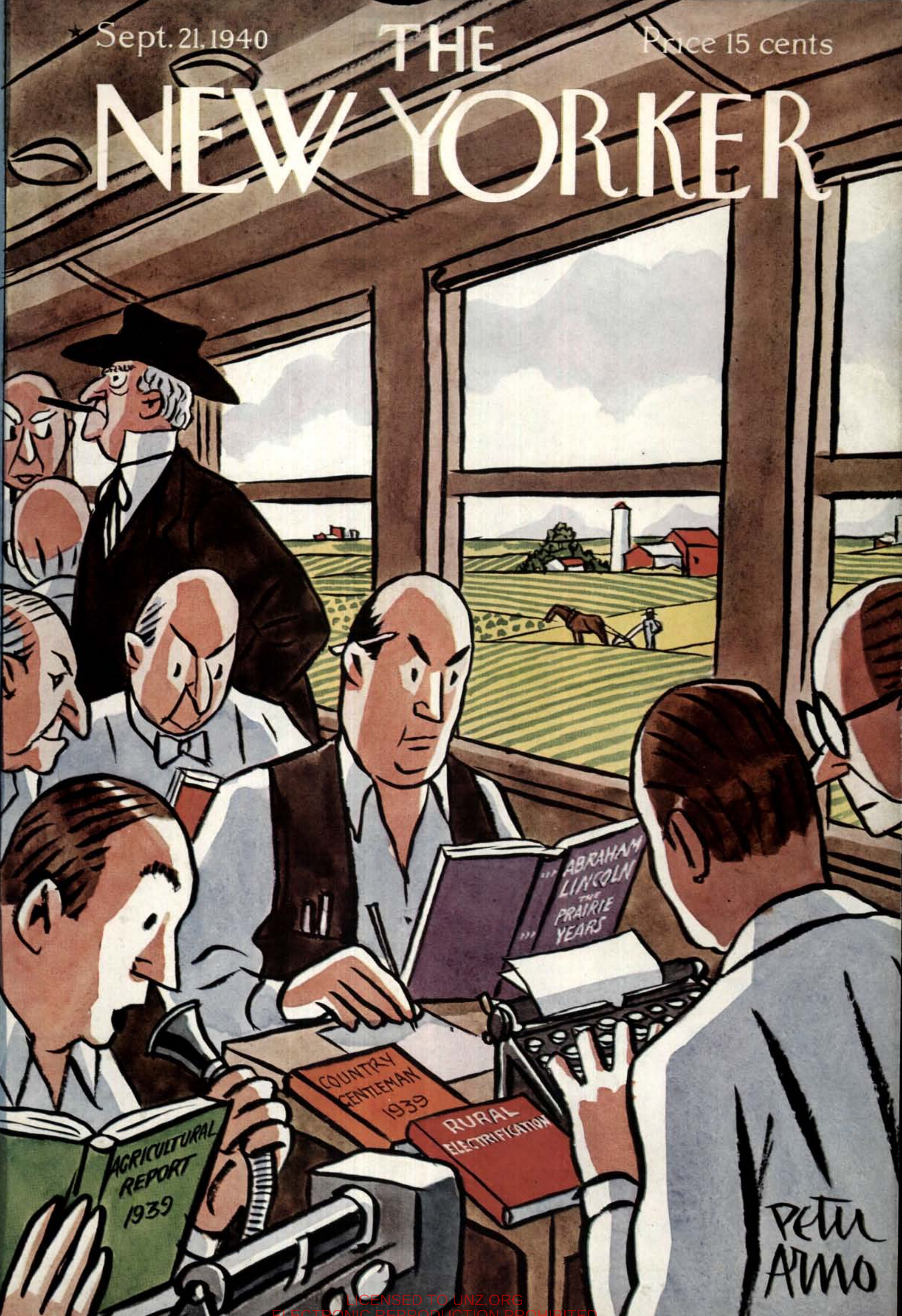
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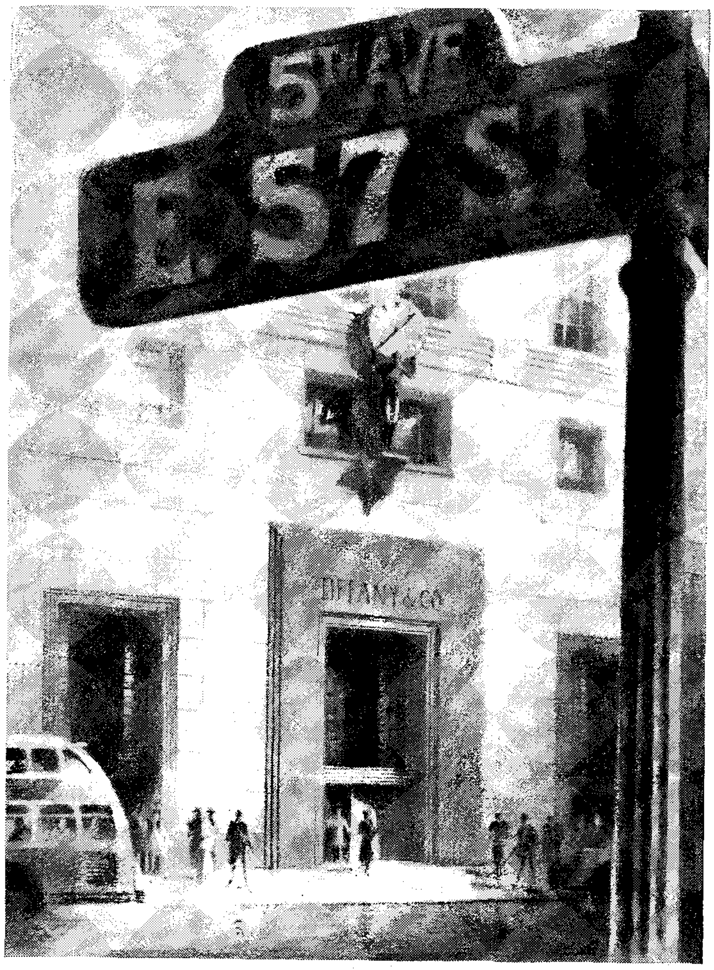
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Kind Lady—Miss Mary Herries lets an artist into her house and lives to regret it. Grace George is splendid in the English melodrama at its best. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. A very pleasant comedy, derived from Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—If you get around much with literary people, you will find this comedy in which Monty Woolley is supposed to be Alexander Woollcott very, very funny. You will probably find it fairly funny anyway. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot, and Alan Dinehart in an old-fashioned bedroom roughhouse. Heartily endorsed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., if that's any help to you. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

There Shall Be No Night—A powerful and eloquent play by Robert E. Sherwood, based on his conviction that the struggle in Europe is everybody's business. The Lunts are excellent and receive very capable support from Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat.)

The Time of Your Life—This William Saroyan play, which won the Drama Critics Circle Award and the Pulitzer Prize, is scheduled to reopen on Mon., Sept. 23, with Julie Haydon and Eddie Dowling again heading the cast. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Johnny Belinda—A new play by Elmer Harris, staged and produced by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—A big and bawdy but funny show, with Betty Allen, Bert Lahr, and music by Cole Porter. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—A collection of vaudeville acts crazily supervised by Olsen and Johnson, who do everything but assassinate the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson back singing all the old songs, and a lot of new ones, too. The plot isn't much, but who cares? Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and many other industrious people help to keep things moving. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a number of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. One of the season's best musical comedies, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Sim Sala Bim—A sort of variety show, with magic and mystery, girls and music worked into a series of skits. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, including Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

SUMMER STOCK

Maplewood—Julie Haydon and Eddie Dowling in "The Time of Your Life": through Sat., Sept. 21. A variety show, with Sheila Barrett, Paul and Grace Hartman, the Revuers, and Casper Reardon: Mon. through Sat., Sept. 23-28. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Portland—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": through Sat., Sept. 21. (Civic Theatre, Portland, Me. 8:20. Mats. 2:20, Fri. and Sat.)

Skowhegan—Louise Campbell and Grant Mills in "Private Lives": through Sat., Sept. 21. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. 8 o'clock. Mat. 2:30, Sat.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dancing in this green and pleasant place.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has just reopened, with Ray Heatherton and his orchestra.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things here. Mili Monti sings and Bob Knight's orchestra provides the music.

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—A small, attractive spot, with the Tisdale Trio and Val Ernie's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Starting still another season on Wed., Sept. 25, with Jack Towne's orchestra and a rumba band. Dress preferred.

La Martinique, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—This big, downstairs room reopened recently, with Val Olman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. Closed Mon.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras on hand to help you relax.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A handy oasis for upper East Siders, and nice enough for anyone else willing to travel a bit off the beaten path. A quintet plays for dancing.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Way, way up there, you'll find Ben Cutler's orchestra and a show which includes Monna Montes and José Fernandez.... Barry Winton's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Hal Saunders' orchestra and a show headed by a two-piano team will be on the Viennese Roof until it closes, Sat., Sept. 28. Must dress if you want to dance.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is all the patrons ask for at the Café Lounge, and, with the exception of Emile Petti's orchestra, she's all they get. Her songs are well worth a hearing.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address, just off the Avenue. Jack Harris's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Among the East Side's larger ones, with music by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Eddy Duchin's orchestra plays for dancing under the blue electric stars of the Starlight Roof. Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with Duchin's at the supper hour.

Miscellaneous—At **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): the former head lady at Tony's finally has a place of her own in which to sing those songs.... **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra.... **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below. No dancing.... **pago pago club**, 139 E. 55 (PL 3-8880): palm leaves, wicker chairs, and other approved South Sea fixtures, where the old American Music Hall used to be.... **warwick**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor.... **astor roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Ina Ray Hutton's orchestra. Closes Sat., Sept. 21.... **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show.... **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Russ Morgan's orchestra.... **st. moritz**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra.... **bill's gay nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing.... **jimmy kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.... **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **diamond horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show.... **beachcomber**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a South Sea setting, with the emphasis all on Zombies; Sonny Kendis's orchestra, except Mon.... **hurricane**, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical place, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.... **la conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Eddie LeBaron's band and a Latin show.... **18 club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XVI, No. 32, September 21, 1940. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.

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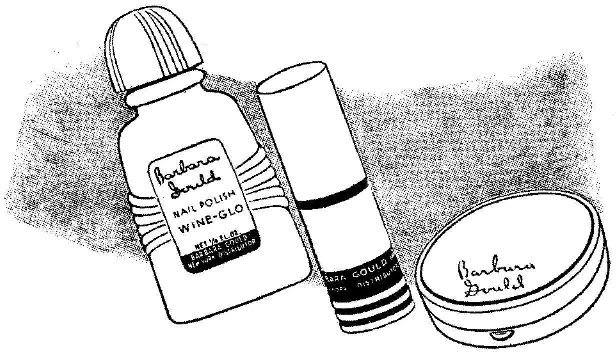
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction.

Mostly for Music—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is there, too, with her harp.... CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Teddy Wilson's Trio, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. Closed Mon. ... NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Bobby Hackett, George Whetling, Artie Shapiro, and Eddie Condon are some of the boys in the coöperative band here. The Spirits of Rhythm are also around.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313).... Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784).... Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—Ben Riley's ARROWHEAD INN, Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra.... Ben Marden's RIVIERA, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Joe Reichman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, Sophie Tucker, Harry Richman, and Joe E. Lewis.... WESTCHESTER BATH CLUB, 10 Lawn Terrace, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Ray Cannavaro's orchestra.... GLEN ISLAND CASINO, off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. Fill-in band Sat., Sept. 28.... CHANTICLER, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Jerry Livingston's orchestra. Closed Mon.... MEADOWBROOK, on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Glen Gray's orchestra. Closed Mon.... GUIDO'S SAPPHIRE ROOM, Monmouth County Country Club, Eatontown, N.J. (Eatontown 95): Bentley Nason's orchestra. Closed Mon.... PERONA FARM, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon.

•

Dinner in the Country—Places to dine (usually without dancing) while motoring—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91).... HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170).... LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790).... OAKDALE, L.I.: Stirrup Cup Castle (Sayville 889).... SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016).... SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371).... SYOSSET, L.I.: Stockholm, on Jericho Turnpike (Syosset 1749).... WESTHAMPTON, L.I.: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841).... AMAWALK, N.Y.: Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown Heights 984).... COLD SPRING, N.Y.: Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975).... DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drover's Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781).... HAWTHORNE, N.Y.: Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120).... MT. KISCO, N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324).... NEW CITY, N.Y.: French Farms (New City 981).... POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371), and Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616).... SLOATSBURG, N.Y.: Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245).... BRIDGEWATER, CONN.: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830).... DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548).... NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88).... REDDING RIDGE, CONN.: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67).... RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.... SOUTHPORT, CONN.: Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900). ... WESTPORT, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330), dancing Sat. Eves.; and Red Barn, off Merritt P'kway (Westport 3971).... ALPINE, N.J.: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788).... BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.: Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70).... DOYLESTOWN, PA.: Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).

ART

Catlin—Carefully documented pictures by this nineteenth-century painter of Indian life; also, selected works by other Americans: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

Europeans and Americans—A varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 28.

French—At the PERLS, 32 E. 58: an attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 28.... HARRIMAN, 63 E. 57: an exhibition of Matisses, Picassos, Derains, and so on—most of them good ones. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sept. 28.

Groups—At the MILCH, 108 W. 57: paintings by fifteen contemporary Americans, including Leon Kroll and Maurice Sterne. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sept. 28.... ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings and sculptures by members of An American Group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 5.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—A comprehensive showing of paintings, sculptures, *and prints by contemporary* Brazilian, Dominican, Ecuadorian, Mexican, and Venezuelan artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 20.

Here and There—At the MAYER, 41 E. 57: British and American water colors and prints. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 28. ... ARTISTS', 113 W. 13: paintings and sculptures by members of this gallery's group. Daily 2 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 23.... A.C.A., 52 W. 8: works by Gropper, Joe Jones, Evergood, and Jules. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 28.... FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: paintings by Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, and other early Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Oct 12. ... HOLLAND HOUSE, 10 Rockefeller Plaza: exhibition of cartoons by Louis Raemaekers. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 4.

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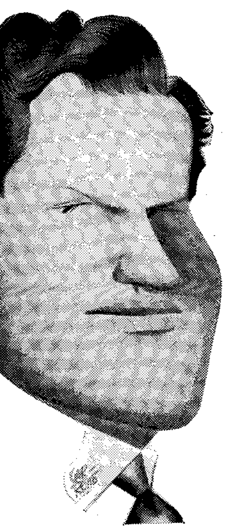


NELSON ALDRICH ROCKEFELLER,

son of Mr. and Mrs. John Davison Rockefeller, Jr., of 740 Park Avenue and Seal Harbor, Maine, who has just received a leave of absence from his position as president of Rockefeller Center, this city, to work for the government. His new position will be that of coördinator of cultural and commercial relations among the American republics for the Council of National Defense, and his salary will be a dollar a year.

MUSIC

Opera—The New York La Scala Opera Association, under the direction of Alfredo Salmaggi, presenting "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., Sept. 21, and "Aïda," Sat. Eve., Sept. 28; at 8:20: Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., at Ashland Place (ST 3-6700).

Out of Town—Gordon String Quartet: The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Thurs. Afts., Sept. 19 and 26 (young people's concerts), at 4; and Sun. Aft., Sept. 22, at 4.

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Sat. and Sun. Afts., Sept. 21-22, at 3. Yankees vs. Washington, Tues. Aft., Sept. 24 (doubleheader), at 1:30; Wed. Aft., Sept. 25, at 3:15.... POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Chicago, Thurs. Aft., Sept. 19, at 3:15. Giants vs. Philadelphia, Thurs. Aft., Sept. 26 (doubleheader), at 1:45; Fri. Aft., Sept. 27, at 3:15. Giants vs. Boston, Sat. Aft., Sept. 28, at 3.... EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., Sept. 21, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Sept. 22 (doubleheader), at 2:05. Dodgers vs. Giants, Mon. through Wed. Afts., Sept. 23-25, at 3. Dodgers vs. Boston, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Sept. 26-27, at 3.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Al Davis vs. Tony Marteliano, welterweights, Fri. Eve., Sept. 20; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (10 rounds) at about 10.... Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City: Max Baer vs. Pat Comiskey, heavyweights, Thurs. Eve., Sept. 26; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

Dog Shows—Somerset Hills Kennel Club, Far Hills, N.J., Sat., Sept. 21, at 9 A.M.... Eastern States Exposition, Springfield, Mass., Sat., Sept. 21, at 9 A.M.... Suffolk County Kennel Club, Huntington, Sat., Sept. 28, at 9 A.M.

Football—Sat. Aft., Sept. 28: N.Y.U. vs. Penn. Military College, Ohio Field, at 2; Manhattan vs. St. Bonaventure, Triborough Stadium, at 2:30; Navy vs. William and Mary, Annapolis, at 2:30. (The last train to get you to Annapolis in time for the kick-off leaves Penn. Station at 10:30 A.M.)

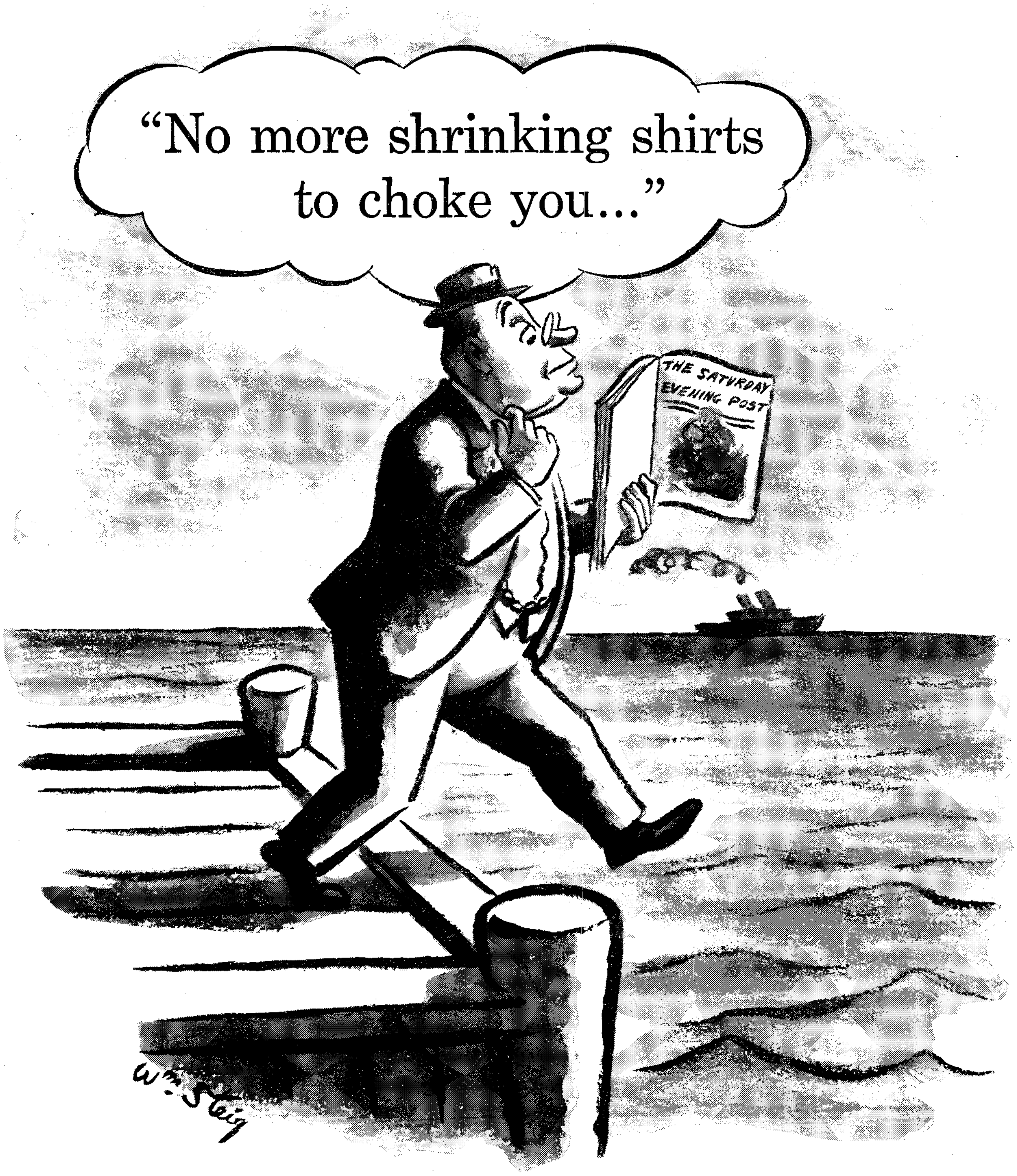
Golf—New Jersey State Seniors' Championship final, Essex Fells C.C., Essex Fells, Thurs., Sept. 19.... New Jersey State Amateur Best-Ball Championship, Montclair G.C., Montclair, Fri. through Sun., Sept. 20-22. ... Invitation Tournament, Crestmont G.C., West Orange, N.J., Sat. and Sun., Sept. 28-29.

Horse Shows—Springfield, Mass., daily through Sat., Sept. 21, at 7:30 P.M.... Pocantico Hills, North Tarrytown, Sun., Sept. 22, at 9 A.M.... Bryn Mawr, Pa., Wed. through Sat., Sept. 25-28, at 9:30 A.M.... Montclair, N.J., Fri., Sept. 27, at 9 A.M. and 7:30 P.M., and Sat., Sept. 28, at 9 A.M.

Hunt Races—Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club, Flourtown, Pa., Sat., Sept. 21, at 2:15 P.M. ... Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, Westbury, Sat., Sept. 28, at 11:30 A.M.

Polo—Meadow Brook Club, Westbury: Monty Waterbury Memorial Cup Tournament, Thurs. and Sun., Sept. 19 and 22, at 3:30 P.M.

Racing—Daily at Aqueduct, at 2:15 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 21. The Beldame Handicap and the Junior Champion, Sept. 21. (Special trains leave Penn. Station at frequent intervals between 12:25 and 1:45 P.M.) ... Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 2 P.M.; starting Mon., Sept. 23. The Lawrence Realization Stakes, Sept. 23; the Manhattan Handicap, Sept. 24; the Jerome Handicap, Sept. 26; and The Futurity, Sept. 28. (Special trains will leave Penn. Station at frequent in-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tervals between 12:05 and 1:30 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:30 and 1:20 P.M. on other weekdays.)

TRACK—N.Y.A.C. annual games, Travers Island, Sat. Aft., Sept. 21, at 3.

TROTTING—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, weekdays at 8:40 P.M., weather permitting. (Special train leaves Penn. Station at 7:24 P.M. on racing days.)

YACHTING—Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Horseshoe Harbor Y.C., Sat., Sept. 21; Echo Bay Y.C., Sat., Sept. 28.

OTHER EVENTS

MINEOLA FAIR—The farming and gardening achievements of rural Long Islanders: Fair Grounds, Mineola, Tues. through Sat., Sept. 24-28, 8 A.M. to 12 midnight (trotting and pacing races, daily at 1:30 P.M.).

POLICE SHOW—The Police Department's annual effort to dramatize its work: Madison Square Garden, Wed. through Sat. Eves., Sept. 25-28, at 8:15, and Sat. Aft., Sept. 28, at 2:15.

THEATRE EXHIBITION—Costumes, stage models, playbills and posters used by the Neighborhood Playhouse from its Grand Street days up to the present: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50; weekdays, Sept. 20 through Oct. 5, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English, French, and American furniture, Aubusson and Renaissance tapestries, and Oriental carvings, bronzes, and rugs, owned by the estate of the late Mrs. John Turner Atterbury and others: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Sept. 20-21, at 2.... French, Italian, and Spanish furniture, and Chinese art, belonging to the late Colonel Henry H. Rogers, Mrs. Charles Draper, and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Sept. 26-28, at 2.

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Speaking Fri. Aft., Sept. 20, at 4, WABC, WJZ, WOR.

RACING—The Beldame Handicap, at Aqueduct: Sat. Aft., Sept. 21, at 4:30, WJZ.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:45, and Wed. and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF.... Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC.... Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ.... Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR.... Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WQXR.... Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:45 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO—The screen version of Rachel Field's novel of a murder case that once shocked Paris, with Bette Davis, Barbara O'Neill, and Charles Boyer. One of the big, ambitious films of the past summer. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Wed., Sept. 25.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 21-23.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 21-24.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; starting Thurs., Sept. 26.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—A racy French item, with a great deal of charm, about a peasant—Raimu—who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

BOOM TOWN—An all-star Western of the old type, with Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Sept. 25.)

DAYBREAK—If you're a Jean Gabin fancier, here he is in another French film—this time as a murderer with a likable streak. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Thurs., Sept. 19.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT—Spies and planes and blackouts and assassinations and the war in general as background for true-blue melodrama. Alfred Hitchcock's latest thriller, with Joel McCrea. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

THE GHOST BREAKERS—This can give you the creeps and the giggles all at once. Another mystery, with Bob Hope, along the lines of "The Cat and the Canary." (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 19.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Sept. 20.... Carlton, B'way at 100; through Wed., Sept. 25.... Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 25-26.)

GONE WITH THE WIND—Still fine for those four hours you don't know what to do with just after dinner. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

THE GREAT MCGINTY—Brian Donlevy and Muriel Angelus in an engaging comedy about the career of a crooked politician. Recommended. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Sept. 23.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 20-22.... Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 20-23.)

THE MAYOR'S DILEMMA—A peculiarly appealing and human French film of life in a small town during the last war, a town just on the outskirts of Château-Thierry. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Sun., Sept. 22.)

THE MORTAL STORM—Germany as Hitler began to take it over, and the fate of one family in the shadows. Not a great picture nor up to its theme, but dramatic. With Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 21-23.)

OUR TOWN—Frank Craven again interpreting Thornton Wilder's New Hampshire, and giving us a beautiful screen version of the play. With Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, and a generally expert cast. Directed by Sam Wood of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., Sept. 20.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 24-25.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 25-27.... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 26-28.)

PASTOR HALL—Impressive, grim film of early Hitler days in Germany and how they overturned the gentle, *gemütlich* life of one small city. With Nova Pilbeam, Seymour Hicks, and Wilfrid Lawson. (Globe, B'way at 46; opening Fri. Eve., Sept. 20.)

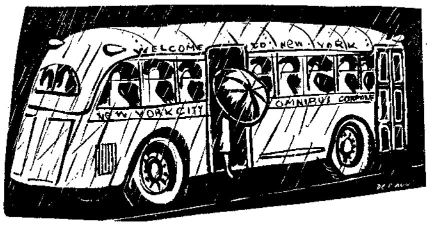
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—You'll be surprised how much Jane Austen this handsome film assays. Greer Garson emerges as one of the cinema's best bets, and there's Laurence Olivier, too. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Sept. 23.... State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Sept. 25.)

QUEEN OF DESTINY—Victoria's reign in a handsome Technicolor album of scenes, formerly called "Sixty Glorious Years." With Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook the most royal of the cast. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 20-22.)

THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH—The first full-length feature film produced by the March of Time, and possibly too experimental, especially in the matter of its casting. A story of the American scene from 1914 to the present day. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Sept. 25.)

REBECCA—Joan Fontaine, Judith Anderson, and Laurence Olivier, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, in that moody tale of a British manor house and its unhappy occupants. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Fri., Sept. 20.)

THE RETURN OF FRANK JAMES—Good blood-and-thunder stuff, climaxed by one of the funniest courtroom scenes you ever saw. Henry Fonda is the bandit in question. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs., Sept. 19.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Sept. 20.... Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., Sept. 23.)



SUSAN AND GOD—Joan Crawford and Fredric March handle Rachel Crothers' satire about a lady and her religious spasm with quite a bit of life and style. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Sept. 23-24.)

WHEN THE DALTONS RODE—Kay Francis, Randolph Scott, and Broderick Crawford in a story about the bad boys of Kansas. Plenty of action. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 21-23.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 25-27.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 26-27.... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 26-28.)

REVIVALS

AS YOU LIKE IT (1936)—Shakespeare. Elisabeth Bergner and Laurence Olivier. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Sept. 23-25.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Very French. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 21-24.)

CLUB DE FEMMES (1937)—Life in a working-girls' home. French, with Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 20-22.)

FIVE CAME BACK (1939)—Jungle adventure. Chester Morris and Joseph Calleia. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Sept. 20.)

GENERALS WITHOUT BUTTONS (1938)—Children and their feuds. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Sept. 23-25.)

IDIOT'S DELIGHT (1939)—The Sherwood play. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 25-27.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—A serious biographical sketch. French, with Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Mon., Sept. 23.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—Somerset Maugham's classic. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 20-22.... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 21-24.)

PORT OF SHADOWS (1939)—Jean Gabin on Le Havre's waterfront. French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Sun., Sept. 22.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as King. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 19.)

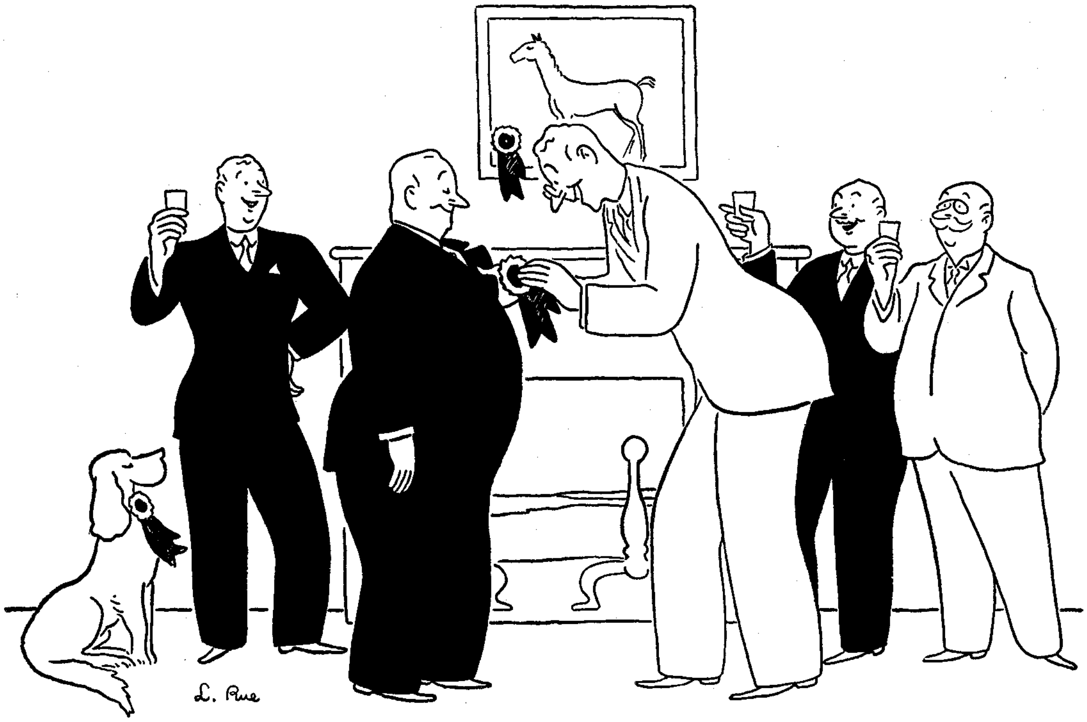
SECRET AGENT (1936)—Hitchcock spy film. Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, and Peter Lorre. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. through Wed., Sept. 23-25.)

TOO HOT TO HANDLE (1938)—Antics of news photographers. Myrna Loy and Clark Gable. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Sept. 21.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Thurs., Sept. 26.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "Wedding Bills," with Raymond Griffith, and "Big Business," with Laurel and Hardy, Thurs., Sept. 19. "The Strong Man," with Harry Langdon, and "The Professional Patient," with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Fri., Sept. 20. "The Freshman" and "High and Dizzy," both with Harold Lloyd, Sat., Sept. 21. "Grandma's Boy," with Harold Lloyd, and "Sherlock Jr.," with Buster Keaton, Sun., Sept. 22. "Doubling for Romeo," with Will Rogers, and "Goodness Gracious," with Clara Kimball Young and Sidney Drew, Mon., Sept. 23. "His Majesty the American," with Douglas Fairbanks, Tues., Sept. 24. Five Mack Sennett films, 1910-1920, Wed., Sept. 25. "Mickey," with Mabel Normand, and "Stenographer Wanted," with Flora Finch and John Bunny, Thurs., Sept. 26. Five 1914 Chaplin films, Fri., Sept. 27. Four 1915 Chaplin films, Sat., Sept. 28.

Another Blue Ribbon for G. Homer Gribbin



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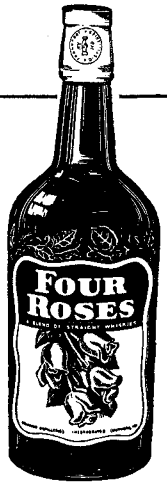

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THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area is at its best at night and keeps going until 2 A.M.... Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10.... The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded.... The Fair will close for good on Sun., Oct. 27.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The **L.I.R.R.**: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., from Track 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run.... **INDEPENDENT SUBWAY**: best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. ... **I.R.T.** and **B.-M.T.**: Flushing trains on both lines stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars are not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15, marked "World's Fair") starts at 25th St., turns east on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Rides on elevated highways, and a field where a flock of tractors drill and till. Once an hour the Ballet Caravan dances a jaunty interpretation of how the horse has been done in by the automobile.

Gardens on Parade (A)—A well-arranged display of seasonal flowers, both growing and cut, and, Fri. through Sun., Sept. 20-22, a big dahlia show. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—The lines waiting to get into the Futurama are frequently as incredible as the vistas of things to come shown inside. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—A fabulous assortment of diamonds and other precious stones awesomely displayed. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—Not so brilliant as last year's show, but full of good paintings nevertheless. Some 400 canvases, ranging from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

Railroads (F)—The big pageant of railroading called "Railroads on Parade," with genuine rolling stock and Kurt Weill music, is shown daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents. ... "Railroads in Action," an elaborate model-train show, runs continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

Telephones (C)—Sooner or later everyone joins the crowd eavesdropping on visitors calling up the folks back home. A machine named the Voder defies you to say a word it can't pronounce.

Trylon and Perisphere—Democracity—you remember. Admission, 25 cents.

World of Fashion (D)—Several of the leading stores and designers hereabouts have put together an impressive display of feminine fashions and accessories. A fashion show, with models wearing the latest gowns, is presented daily, except Mon., at 4:30 and 8 P.M.

Others of Interest—At **AMERICA AT HOME** (C): a theatrical arrangement of model interiors, from which you may pick up some useful pointers.... **AMERICAN ART TODAY** (A): ninety works by members of the Sculptors' Guild (through Sun., Sept. 22), and a lively WPA exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, and folk art.... **AVIATION** (G): a new Army pursuit plane, camouflaged and capable of 400 miles an hour, among a number of other aircraft.... **BORDEN'S** (D): cows, apparently very happy in a luxurious setting.... **CHRYSLER** (F): an impudent talking Plymouth and a hint of what a rocket port might look like if we ever take to travelling by rocket.... **CONSOLIDATED EDISON** (D): a diorama of New York, with lights flashing and subway trains scurrying about.... **DU PONT** (D): a sober account of how chemistry produces nylon and performs other acts of alchemy.... **ELECTRIC UTILITIES** (E): a New York street in the gaslit nineties.... **ELECTRIFIED FARM** (A): turn a switch and the crops come up.... **FIRESTONE** (G): tires manufactured while you wait, and a small zoo in a jungle setting.... **GENERAL ELECTRIC** (E): artificial lightning, real enough to scare the wits out of you, and some diverting acts of electrical prestidigitation.... **GLASS CENTER** (D): how glass-blowers work.... **GOODRICH** (F): male and female daredevil drivers risking their necks; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.... **HALL OF INVENTIONS** (D): actual models—brain waves of the nineteenth century, mostly—from the Patent Office's collection.... **KODAK** (D): colored photographs impressively flashed on several big screens at once, and, outdoors, trick backgrounds for amateurs to work with. ... **PETROLEUM** (D): a full-sized oil derrick boring hundreds of feet under Flushing—so far, at least, without striking oil.... **R.C.A.** (C): what's what in television.... **STAMP EXHIBIT**, in the British Building (A): an unusual exhibition, including the Mauritius error, commemorating the centennial of the stick-on stamp.... **WESTINGHOUSE** (E): an outsize robot man and his robot dog.... **ZOOLOGICAL WONDERS** (H): Pandora, the panda; Electra, the eel; and a flock of penguins.

A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND.

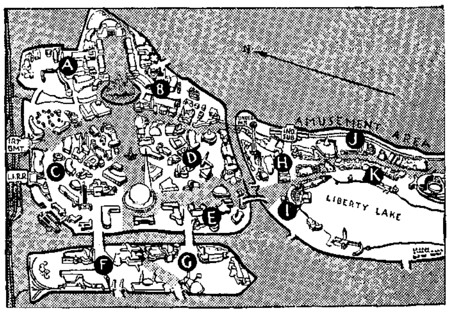
●

Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. Among the attractive ones still open are those of Great Britain, France, Poland, Finland, Brazil, and Italy. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. Many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.

State Exhibits—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an inviting beach on the lake front and an inviting interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.

THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—The Fair's own rather ponderous historical pageant, staged by Leon Leonidoff, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.



Aquacade (I)—A fresh version of the Billy Rose water spectacle that did so well last year. Eleanor Holm, who has missed several performances lately because of an earache, heads the large cast, which includes Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Gay New Orleans (H)—Michael Todd's hit—almost a Fair in itself. Restaurants and bars, and a steady round of Negro and white revues beautifully staged out of doors by Hassard Short. A midnight Mardi Gras show tops things off.

The Streets of Paris (H)—Another of Michael Todd's—a shortened production, in the Fair's big Music Hall, of last year's Broadway revue. Gypsy Rose Lee undresses with considerable aplomb, and Willie and Eugene Howard are in it, too. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:45, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

Zombie (J)—A tropical-island setting, something like the Beachcomber on Broadway. A rumba band plays in the garden at night.

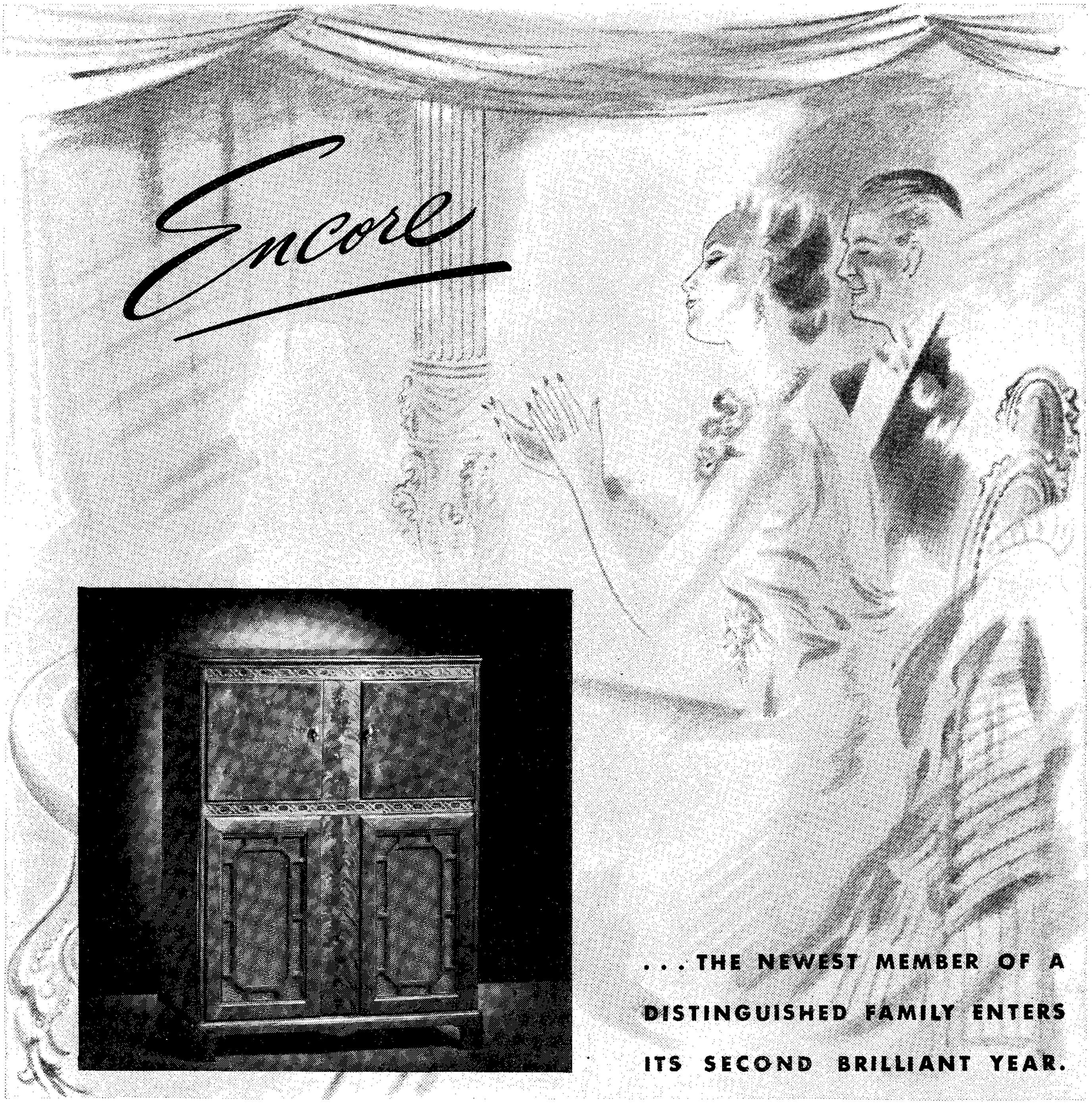
Some Other Places—At **BARBARY COAST** (J): the customers, ranged along a huge bar, are prodded into noisy singing by a number of musical folk.... **DANCING CAMPUS** (I): an outdoor dance floor big enough for the young to cut their craziest capers; dancing from about 6 P.M. on.... **JUNGLELAND** (J): Frank Buck holding forth with a zoo, circus, and a swarm of monkeys on a mountain.... **MIDGET TOWN** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village.... **ODDITORIUM** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people.... **PARACHUTE JUMP** (H): the 20-story drop is just as exciting as ever.... **WALL OF DEATH** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome.... **WINTER WONDERLAND** (J): a show on skates and skis; frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.

RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

BALLANTINE'S (H): simple, adequate food and an outdoor bar—a handy oasis in the amusement area.... **BELGIAN BUILDING** (B): an awninged terrace, with one of the best views of the fireworks on the Lagoon.... **BRAZILIAN BUILDING** (A): a gay, lighthearted place, with dancing at dinner.... **FRENCH BUILDING** (A): happily, in spite of everything, they've kept this well-loved restaurant open.... **GARDENS ON PARADE** (A): a shady terrace, good, plain staples, and an admission charge, which helps thin out the crowds.... **HEINEKEN'S** (H): sustaining Dutch food and a view from a veranda of the fireworks on the Lake.... **HUNGARIAN PAVILION** (A): goulash at a standup bar and other native dishes in a smallish restaurant.... **IRAQ PAVILION** (A): what's good in Arabia is good here. ... **MCGINNIS** (C): a big, bright place for sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks.... **NORWEGIAN BUILDING** (B): superior *smörgåsbord* in a new dining room.... **PABST** (K): beer-garden fare in an attractive lakeside setting.... **POLISH BUILDING** (A): still the same fine Polish cooking, even if the larder is now almost entirely domestic; dancing from 6 P.M. on. ... **PONCE DE LEON PATIO** (I): real Spanish dishes served against the Florida Building's tropical background.... **RUBY FOO'S LAMA TEMPLE** (J): the surroundings alone are enough to convert you to Chinese food.... **SWEDISH BUILDING** (D): snacks in a large courtyard; more elaborate meals inside.... **SWISS BUILDING** (A): pleasantly informal, whether you eat upstairs in the restaurant or down in the garden under the maples.... **WASHINGTON HALL** (K): one of the amusement area's few places for leisurely meals with a French influence; you're served on a screened veranda overlooking the lake.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).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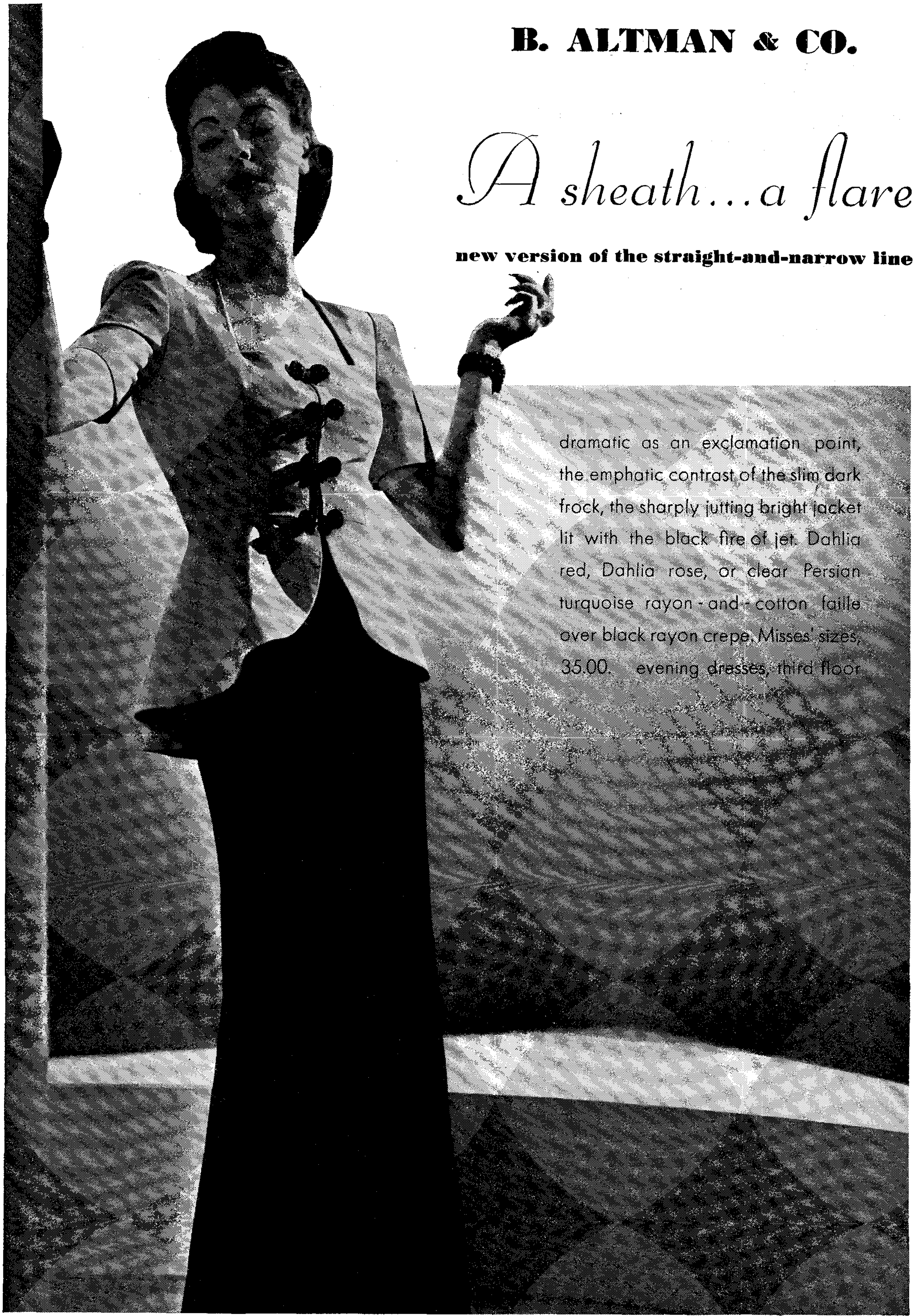

dramatic as an exclamation point, the emphatic contrast of the slim dark frock, the sharply jutting bright jacket lit with the black fire of jet. Dahlia red, Dahlia rose, or clear Persian turquoise rayon-and-cotton faille over black rayon crepe. Misses' sizes, 35.00. evening dresses, third floor

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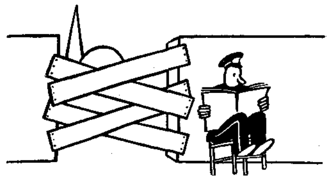
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

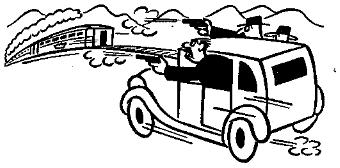
Notes and Comment

THERE are less than six weeks left to see the Fair, before tomorrow is forever yesterday and the Futurama no more than a queer dream of the past. The last Aquabelle dried off and returned to a family or friend, the last captive parachutist safely moored, the last duck dead in the shooting gallery, the last hamburger eaten, the last beer drunk, the last Rose of two summers back on the Main Stem—these are heavy thoughts. There is so much sorrow about anything done for the last time, so much emptiness in all last things. We felt this especially about the Fair, which for us seemed to mark some mysterious and melancholy border between youth and age. We went out to Flushing the first time at the height of our extraordinary powers; we see it now as perhaps the last great reminiscence with which we are going to bore our descendants. "Hush, dear, and Grandpapa will tell us about the time he went to the World's Fair," a mother will say in 1965. "Oh, God, again!" the children will murmur, addressing atomic energy or whatever newfangled force happens to be in charge at the time.



A PROFESSIONAL philosopher we met the other night told us about a rather grand dinner party he'd recently attended. At his right was a lady who made it casually but firmly clear, in the first five minutes of conversation, that she divided her year between New York, Tuxedo, and the South. "Why, Palm Beach, of course," she said in some surprise when our friend asked what part of the South. A few minutes later he heard her talking to an excellently preserved refugee from the Ritz Bar in Paris. They were discussing the *Social Register* and the lowered standards of that publication in this degenerate age. Our moral philosopher, impatient at what he considered sorry frivolity in times like these, interrupted them. "Does *anyone* still take the *Social Register* seriously?" he asked. "Why, no," she replied. For a moment he was both pleased and amazed to find so sane a point of view in one so highly placed, but swiftly she disillusioned him. "Why, certainly not," she said, "considering the people who get into it these days."

IT went like this. At five o'clock in the morning the old king gets his stuff together and skips out of the palace. Everything's set. There's a train of ten de-luxe carriages waiting in the yards with steam up, and who's in one of them but the girl? They're out of the city and on their way to the border before any of the palace guards even know he ain't still in bed. When they do find out, though, are they ever burnt up? One bunch grabs a locomotive and heads out after him right down the tracks. Another bunch piles into cabs. When the train the old king's in goes over the border there's about fifty of these boys shooting at it. They shoot the panes right the hell out of the windows, but the girl and him don't even get scratched. They travel all the next day and put up that night at a hotel in the Alps. You'd never know anything'd happened. There they are, eating in a fancy suite, all dressed up, looking out the window at these mountains, gabbing. They're still at it at ten o'clock. It seems he wants to get away from all this king stuff and settle down in an old villa somewhere. He thinks probably Portugal. In the meantime the new guy back home has the kid under his thumb already, and one of the first things he does is abolish those blue-and-yellow uniforms I was telling you about. So you see what I mean, Fred. It's the same old stuff, the malarkey. It don't mirror life.



IN a way we were encouraged by the War Department's recent disclosure that the physical standards for the conscript army had been lowered so far as to exclude hardly anyone except the permanently crippled and blind. We have never had much confidence in armies composed of so many Nelson Eddys, fighting with the precision of Rockettes. In history, we remembered, they were almost invariably put to rout by a scarecrow company of democrats, spitting tobacco juice in their eyes. Thus, leaving out of consideration the matter of equipment, we have perfect faith in any army which makes the most of the newly announced reduction of standards. Unlike the enlisted men, the conscripts, we learn, need stand no taller than five feet, may weigh as little as a hundred and seven, be totally deaf in one ear, and suffer from fallen arches. We learn, too, of the elimination of requirements that we had never suspected. Formerly men who were "extremely ugly" or bore on their persons tattooing of an improper nature were rejected, but no longer. Our picture of an army which cannot possibly be beaten, by all the rules of romantic warfare, is a great horde of dwarfs and hobgoblins, flatfooted and deaf, hopping and scrambling at the enemy like a visitation from hell, completely plastered with indecent tattooing and shouting blasphemies out of countenances too horrible to contemplate. No mortal foe, we're sure, could stand before their unnatural attack.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Card-index bedfellows, as indicated by the catalogue in the Public Library, are MARX, KARL—MARY, QUEEN CONSORT.

On upper Second Avenue, one of the nicest places to stop for refreshment is the Boz Arts Bar and Grill.

In a park in Lachine, a city in the province of Quebec, there is a sign, prominently displayed and printed in English and French, which says, "Persons of good education and morals are invited in this park." The fellow who wrote us about it said he sat there unmolested one whole morning, and he never even finished high school.

Too Bad

ONE of the contestants in the National Tennis Championships at Forest Hills was a South American who spoke no English. He got put out early in the tournament, and hung around the clubhouse next day, looking gloomy. Toward evening a couple of tournament officials, bearing slips of paper, hunted him up. Obviously, they had something to tell him, but they had no common language. An interpreter was sent for, and the player waited, wreathed in smiles. For all we know, he may have been clutching at the hope that his opponent had been disqualified, leaving him still in the running. That wasn't it, though. When the interpreter arrived, one of the officials said, "Tell him he still owes us the five-dollar entry fee."

Forger

SAUL LOUIS WOLLMAN, a small, shy man with a timid blond mustache, is one of the town's leading practitioners of the art of legal forgery, or signature-copying for worthy causes. He's now working over at the office of the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China, copying on a scroll the signatures of a thousand-odd people who wish China well but live too far from New York to sign in person. The scroll will be presented to the Chinese Ambassador, Dr. Hu Shih, on September 26th, and Mr. Wollman will be presented with a check for services rendered, @ $0.75 an hour. This is a modest fee, considering that, as Mr. Wollman says, he's the best in his line. He has had such eminent clients as the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and Jell-O, none of whom would allow any old forger around the place.

Mr. Wollman has been forging for eleven years. Before that he frittered away his time with such activities as selling jewelry and real estate. One evening, while looking at a newspaper, he idly copied out a signature from an advertisement. It turned out so well that he immediately thought of the commercial possibilities of this talent. Wollman's first big job was 100,000 Harvey Gibsons, signed to letters requesting financial assistance for some pre-WPA unemployment-relief plan. It took him a couple of weeks. He's not in the least temperamental about his work, performing it usually in the print shop where the letters are mimeographed. If possible, he likes to have a radio tuned to WQXR. Jazz rattles him. He keeps on hand six fountain pens and ink of every color and consistency. His favorite pen is a Parker. The fancier the signature, the easier it is to forge, he says; simple, unbroken writing is much harder. He has yet to see a signature that he can't duplicate. "Sometimes I can't read them, but I can copy them," he says. Bank presidents have the hardest signatures to forge. Why, Wollman doesn't know, nor is he much interested.

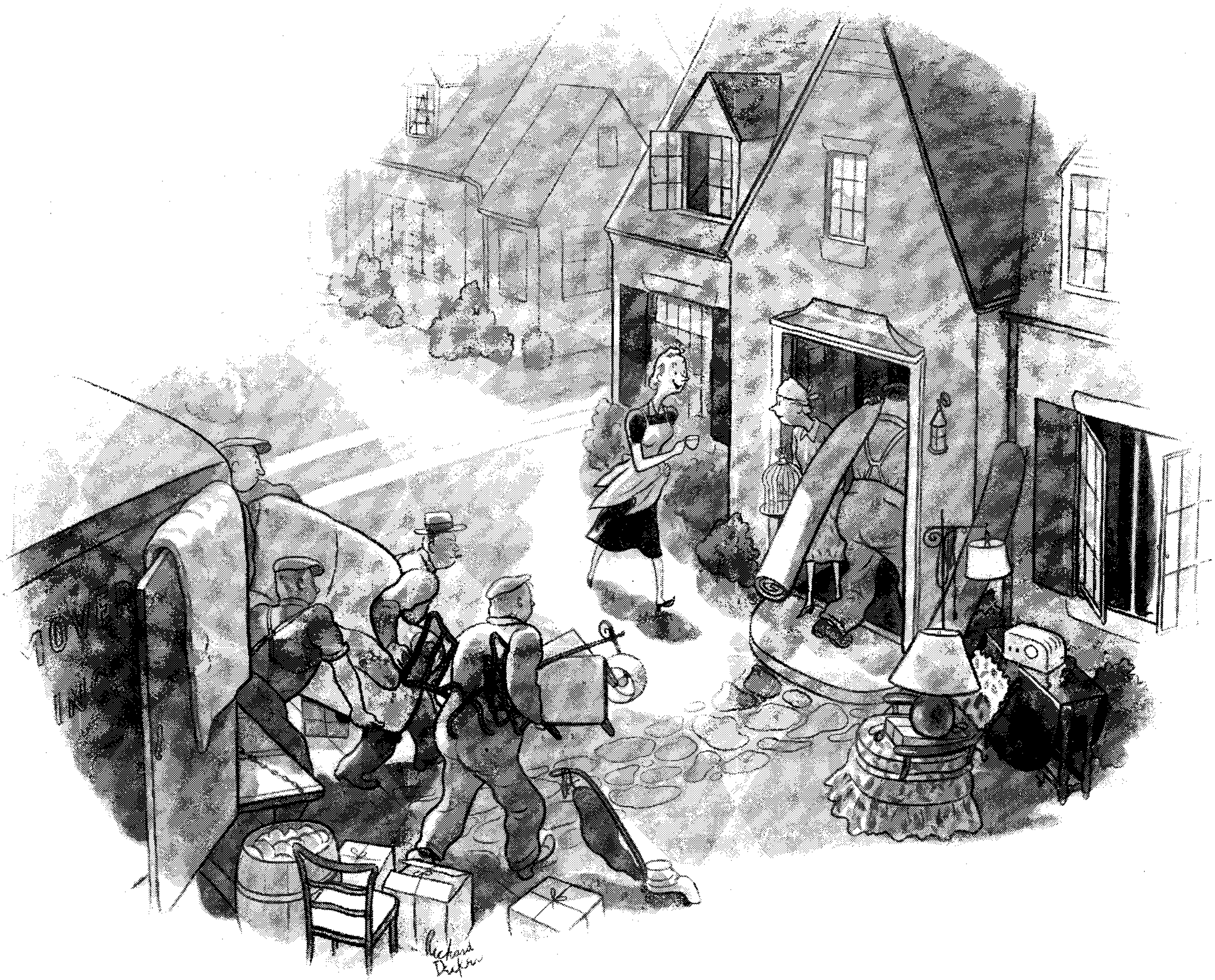
Wollman has a drawer at home filled with autographed pictures of movie stars, all signed by himself. He has done a large batch of pictures for Jack Benny to send out to his fans, inscribed with one of the most moving sentiments of our time: "Jell-O Again—Jack Benny." Among his other clients are Eddie Cantor, Charles Winninger, Babe Ruth, Al Smith, and Governor Lehman. Once Wollman did a job for LaGuardia, and did it so well that the Mayor, coming upon one of the letters some time later, absolutely refused to believe that the signature wasn't his own. He flew into a rage over the matter, and could not be convinced until Wollman did another one for him. A prominent utility man (not Willkie) paid Wollman the tribute of having him shadowed for several months after he had done some signatures for the executive. Wollman has had only one feeler from the underworld, and that a very mild one. A man wanted him to fake up an automobile registration; he refused, of course. Lately, Wollman has been practicing Willkie's signature, just in case the Republican National Committee should decide to throw some work his way. He says his Willkies are good, at least as good as those done by Willkie himself.

Wild Life

THIS story requires a little preliminary spadework, so follow closely. One way of building a cesspool is to make it of bats, or bricks, of shale. In a suburb of Washington, D.C., lives a gentleman with just such a cesspool on his grounds. It began acting up recently, so he decided to get the government's advice. He wrote a letter describing the cesspool's symptoms, and ending with the query "Do you think it would help any if I put lime on the bats?" Then, following the general practice of Washington people, he addressed the letter to the head man, in this case the Secretary of Agriculture, leaving to his office the problem of referring it to the proper bureau. His reply was a cordial letter from the Wild Life Division of the Department of the Interior: "Your letter addressed to the Secretary of Agriculture has been referred to this office for reply," it said. "We are interested to hear that you have some bats in your cesspool. If you think it would be possible to capture some of these, we might arrange to come to your location some day next week and try to capture one or more. We do not believe that putting lime in the cesspool would have much effect. The bats are doing no harm, anyway, so why not let them stay?"

Fancy Woods

AMONG our favorite old firms in New York is the J. H. Monteath Company, of 202 Lewis Street, which has been importing foreign woods since 1856. In case you are looking for some acacia, of which the Ark of the Covenant was built, or Cuban lemonwood, which is used for making bows and arrows and is better than anything



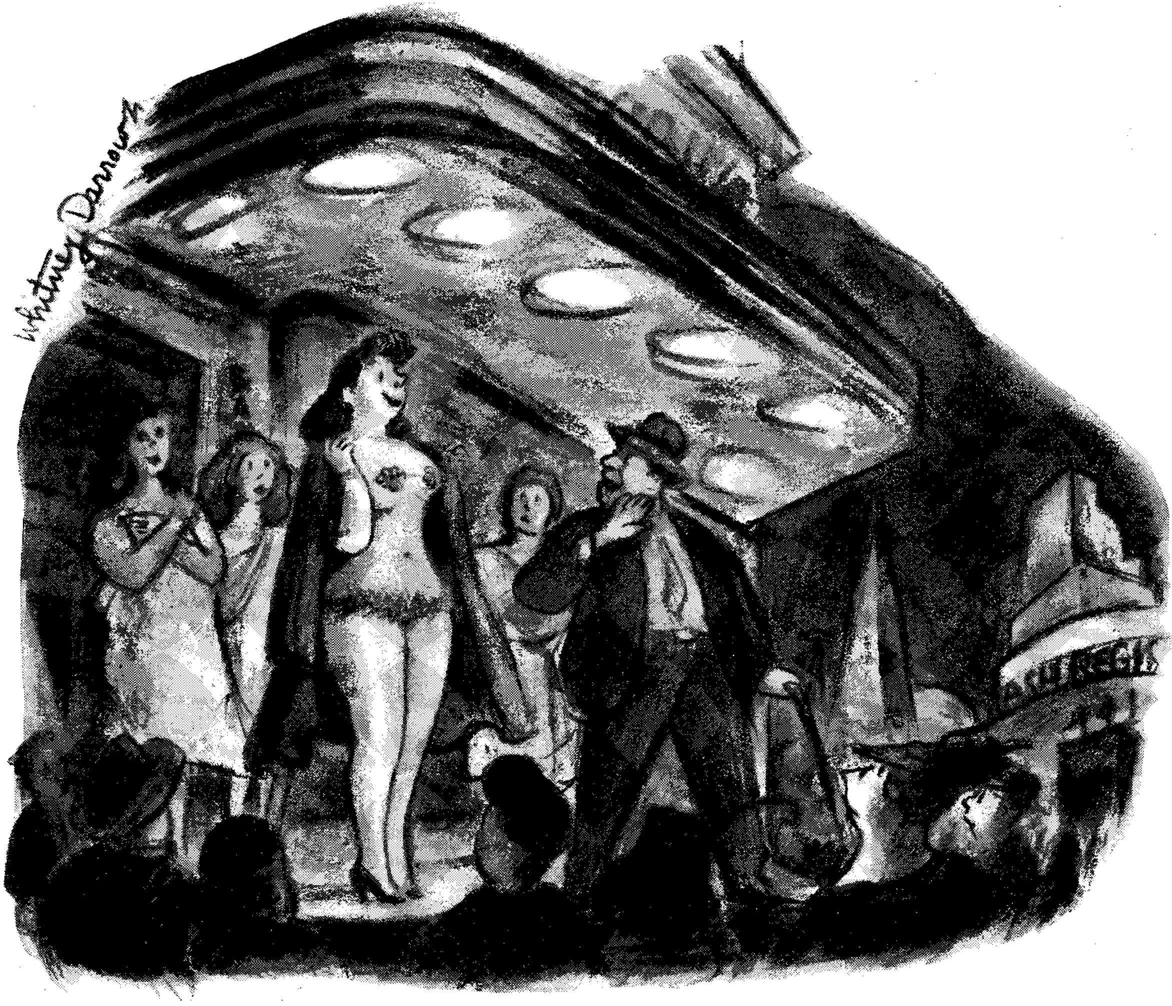
"May I borrow a cup of sugar?"

* *

the Indians ever had for this purpose, the company has both. It has 163 other varieties, too. There are no Monteaths-by-name in the business now. The president, a nephew of J. H., the founder, is Harry Dayton, and his two sons assist him in managing the yard on Lewis Street and two mills, one in New Jersey and one in Virginia, which contain the woods they sell for many purposes. Brazilian rosewood, for instance, a very rare specimen, is used by furniture men for fancy cabinet work, and Mozambique ebony, which comes from the East African colony of that name, by the makers of high-priced clarinets.

The Monteaths, or Daytons, have been no less upset by the war than other importers. They are bothered by the difficulty of getting enough English willow to fill the demands of artificial-limb purveyors, for one thing. For another, Russia has closed the port of Poti in the Black Sea, making it virtually impossible to procure the normal supply of Circassian walnut, vital for the production of certain haughty types of gunstocks. Generally speaking, however, a war isn't as disturbing as a change in custom. The dwindling habit of carrying canes and umbrellas has greatly reduced the sale of Dutch Guiana snakewood, which, at $1.75 a board foot, is Monteath's most expensive wood. It makes mahogany, at nineteen cents a foot, seem like something from a fire sale. The company is pleased, on the other hand, because metal furniture seems to have become less of a fad than it was.

The firm's best-seller is balsa, the lightest of woods—seven and one-half pounds a cubic foot. This, to the best of the Daytons' knowledge, is the only wood lighter than cork, which weighs twice as much. Monteath sells a million feet of balsa a year, mostly for the manufacture of model airplanes. The Navy buys large and heavy quantities of lignum vitae, which weighs eighty-four pounds per cubic foot. This is not only the heaviest wood but a very oily one, and therefore highly suitable for stern bearings, which are underwater parts of ships and can't be oiled. The Navy can be a difficult customer at times. In 1935, Mr. Dayton, Sr., went all the way to Burma to purchase some teak logs, which the Navy particularly wanted in two shipments of different dimensions. They were to be cut into decks for battleships. Mr. Dayton was instructed to have one lot of teak shipped in May and one in November, and was distressed when, at the last minute, the Navy reversed its order and requested the wood he'd picked for November in May. He managed this, but his troubles weren't over. The Navy sent around an inspector who found all sorts of faults with the finest teak this side of the Himalayas. Mr. Dayton was finally



"Hold it, Florence! Don't give the whole plot away!"

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paid for his efforts, but he still thinks the Navy should have found an inspector more familiar with the esoterica of wood. "Fellow couldn't tell a crotch from a burl," one of Mr. Dayton's men told us.

Pronto

THE scene of this little drama of business is the home office of a big manufacturing company. The switchboard girl got two incoming calls momentarily crossed, so the vice-president of the company briefly heard the voice of his sales manager before being connected with the right party (a party named Miss Smith, whom he was to take to the Café Pierre that evening). Asking Miss Smith to wait a moment, the vice-president dashed out to the switchboard and said to the operator, "If you've still got Jones [Jones is the sales manager] on the wire, ask him to step up to my office right away." "All righty," said the switchboard girl. This was at nine-thirty in the morning. At five-thirty that afternoon, Jones appeared in the vice-president's office. "Well, you took your time about getting here. I sent you a message early this morning," the vice-president said. "I came as fast as I could," Jones said, rather sulkily. "After all, I was in Georgia."

Refugee Reading

LITERATE, intelligent refugees from the Nazi-dominated countries gravitate frequently to the Public Library when they come to live here, and most of them talk over their problems with Miss Jennie M. Flexner, an alert and kindly lady who has served as Readers' Adviser there ever since the position was inaugurated, eleven years ago. Miss Flexner and her staff are at the service of any reader who wants a bibliography of special reading drawn up for him. In the case of the refugees, of course, the demand is always for books that will help the new citizen to understand the United States—its language, customs, history, and geography. Foreigners are more geography-conscious than native Americans, for some reason. In outlining courses of reading for refugees, Miss Flexner tries to slip in literary antidotes for what she has discovered are the three great misconceptions about this nation: (1) that gangsters lurk on every hand, making it dangerous to venture out after dark, (2) that political graft is rampant in every department of the government, and (3) that one must never discuss politics where there is any danger of being overheard.

The refugee newspaper is the *Times*, with no close second. They read it patiently, from beginning to end, using a dictionary if necessary. "The Epic of America" and "Only Yesterday" are about tied for the non-fiction honors. Other popular non-fiction titles are "Middletown in Transition," "John Brown's Body," and "The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens." Willa Cather is the most popular novelist. There is a steady demand, among refugees, for "Alice Adams," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "Laughing Boy," "So Big," "Hugh Wynne," and "The Scarlet Letter." People just beginning to explore our literature are tactfully steered away from fantasy, social caricature, and proletarian indignation, on the theory that it would needlessly confuse or depress them. There was hell to pay one time when a refugee got hold of Robert Nathan's "One More Spring," which you may remember as a super-delicate fantasy about the Central Park Hooverville. He brought it back and asked for a detective story in German instead. "What's going on in your parks?" he asked Miss Flexner.

Europeans are fascinated by the American Indian, and take out all sorts of books on the subject, both fact and fiction. (James Fenimore Cooper is, or was until *der Führer* purified the libraries, a great favorite in Germany.) Some of the refugees can't get used to the idea of an impartial, unpropagandized library. One German lady, discovering on the shelves a copy of Streicher's *Der Stürmer*, ran out of the room with tears streaming down her cheeks; one of the attendants caught up with her, and convinced her that the Public Library hadn't gone Nazi. It turns out that the American novelists who have been most popular abroad are Lewis, Dos Passos, Dreiser, Hemingway, Upton Sinclair, and Joseph Hergesheimer. Miss Flexner is not convinced that this is all for the best. Whenever it is suggested to a refugee that he might find greater opportunities outside of New York, he is likely to turn pale and murmur, "Must I go to Main Street? Must I live in Gopher Prairie?" The Library people try to explain that "Main Street" is the result of a tantrum which Sinclair Lewis got over years ago, but it's uphill work.

Gratitude

ABOUT a year ago, we printed what seemed to us a funny picture, in which an Army officer, directing summer maneuvers, says to a subordinate who has just brought him a map, "This is a Sunoco map. I said an *Esso* map!" Well, in the window of the Shell Touring Service office, at 50 West Fiftieth Street, is a display of letters from grateful tourists, and among them a note from Lieutenant Colonel H. E. Small, thanking Shell for routing a convoy of Coast Artillery trucks from Fort Benning, Georgia, to Fort Totten, New York.

Sheik

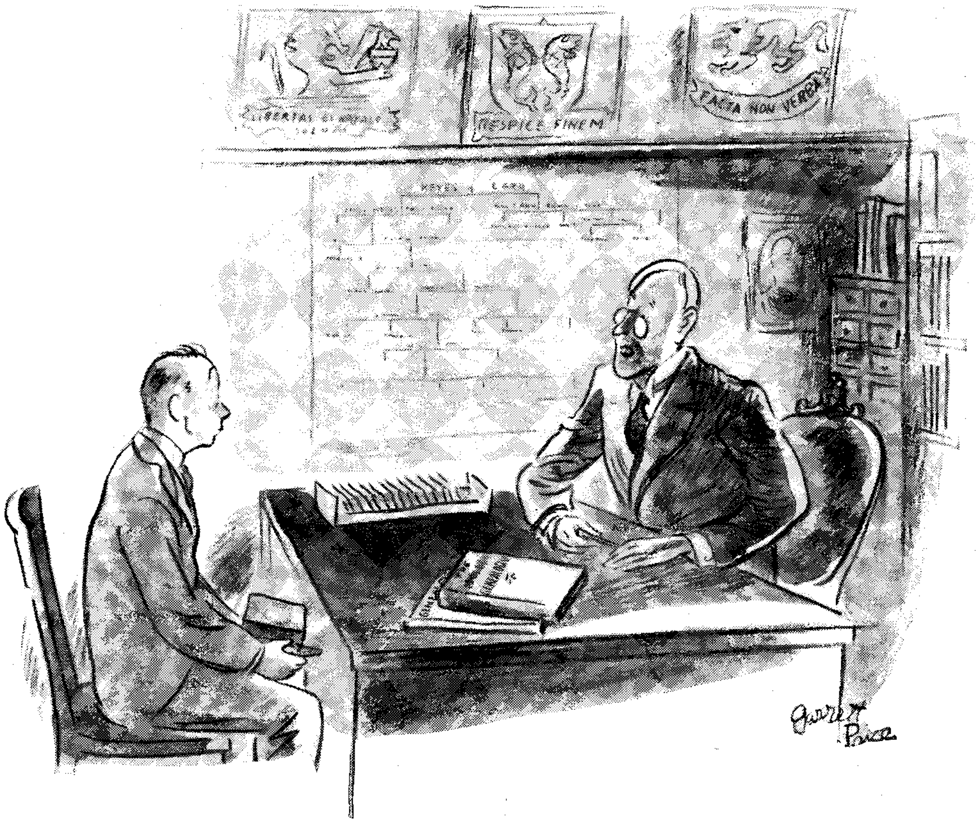
PROBABLY the greatest man to turn up in colored religious circles since Father Divine is Grand Sheik F. (for Fred) Turner-El, head man of the Eastern Division of the Moorish Science Temple, the Divine and National Movement of North America. In the past ten years the Sheik has converted close to 20,000 colored residents of Harlem, Brooklyn, Hartford, and Boston to Mohammedanism, which he says is their true religion. His point is that they are really all descended from the Moors and have been led by "an act of European psychology" into accepting such terms for themselves as "colored" and "Negro." "Ah just got to teach these Moors to be themselves," he says. The first thing the Sheik requires of all converts is that they add the suffix "El" or "Bey" to their names, to indicate their Moorish descent. He plans to distribute complete Arabic names later on.

We found out all this last week when we made a little hegira over to Brooklyn and talked with the Sheik. He lives on the first floor of a three-story house, to which we were directed by a couple of small Moors playing in the street. We arrived shortly after noon and were met at the door by a big, dark man in pajamas, overcoat, and bowler. "Sheik in?" we asked. "Speaking," he replied, rubbing his eyes. "What's your line?" We explained our errand and were invited inside. The Sheik excused himself and reappeared five minutes later wearing a business suit and a large badge with the words "Grand Sheik" on it. He told us that the Moorish Science Temple was founded fifteen years ago in Newark by the Prophet Noble Drew Ali, that his, Sheik Turner-El's, congregation was the biggest of a hundred and fifty scattered across the nation, and that the ultimate aim of the organization was to repatriate all the 12,000,000 Moors now in the United States. Members pay fifty cents a month dues, are forbidden to eat pork, and wear a fez at all religious gatherings. The Sheik sells his flock their fezes at cost. "Nothing in Islam is commercialized," he explained. His followers study a simplified version of the Koran, made up of questions and answers, thus: "What is our religion? Islamism. Is that the new or the old-time religion? Old-time religion." The Sheik is busy at the moment with a project for a Moorish community of a thousand homes near Port Jefferson. It is not, he is careful to point out, anything like a Divine heaven. The Sheik disagrees with Father Divine's ideas that man and woman should live strictly apart. He points out that "connubial absence," as he calls it, would in time result in the extinction of the Moors.

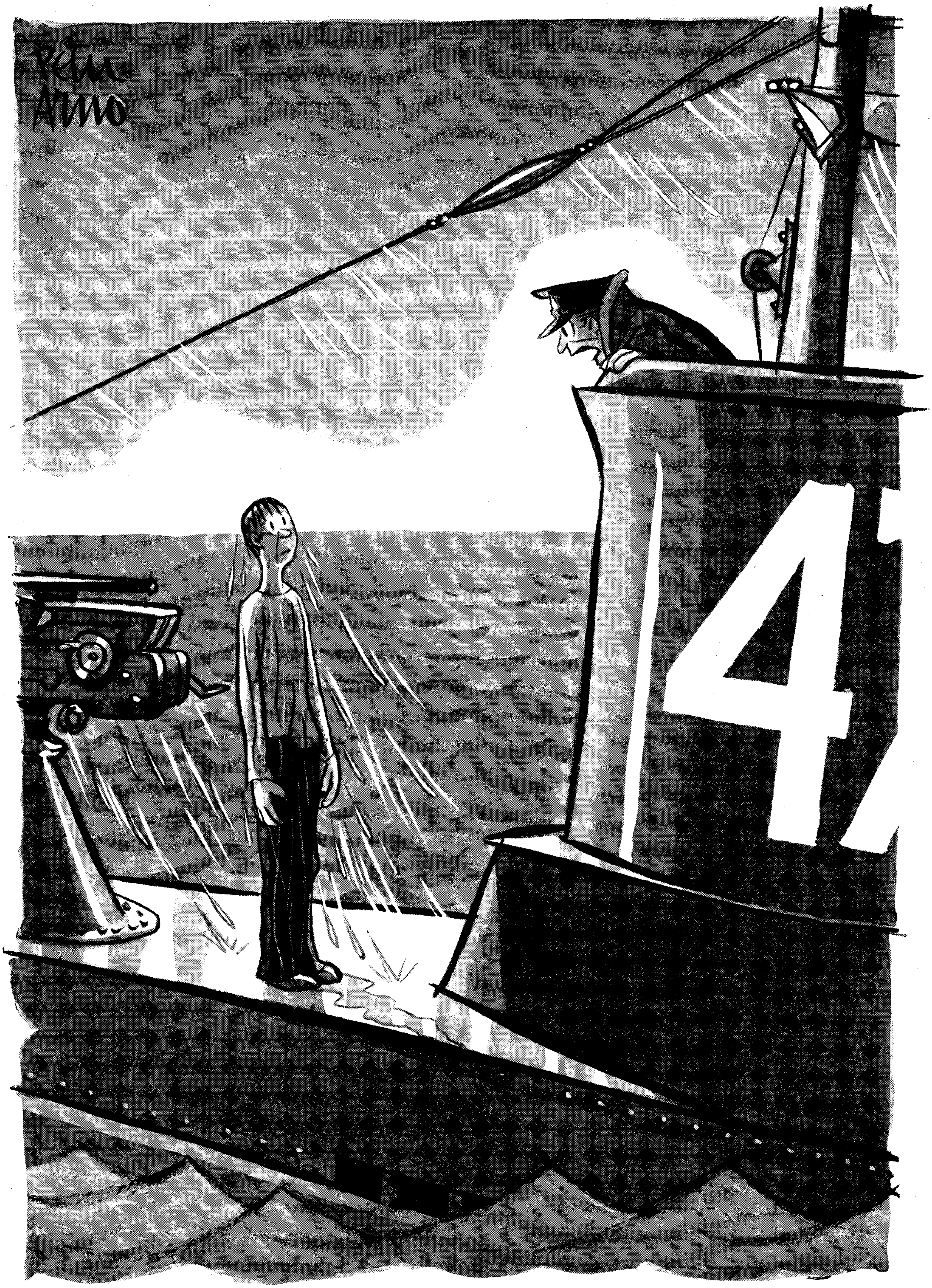
The Sheik was born in Cincinnati in 1910, the son of an Islamic missionary couple. When he was ten, the family returned to their native land. The Sheik was educated at Al-Azhar University, in Cairo, and became fluent in many languages—Arabic, Hindustani, Chinese, Japanese, Hebrew, and several tribal dialects. He has international connections through his membership in the Supreme Moslem Council of the World. In his spare time he makes Moorish perfume; the business used to keep thirty Moors busy, but now he just putters away at it alone. He has been married for five years. His wife, née Celina Johnson-Bey, has the title of Grand Sheikess.

Boston

THE week's most significant sociological document is a label noticed by a Boston lady who was shopping in S. S. Pierce's, the ultra-conservative grocery store. "Colonial Breakfast Mixture," the label said, and then added, in small, disparaging type, "Known in Philadelphia as Scrapple."



"Mr. Warren, we find your line ran out in 1794."


Peter Arno
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"Maybe after this you'll realize that when I say I'm going to dive, I mean it. Now go below and dry yourself."

PLUTARCO ROO

THE world is full of stories of artists who would not prostitute their talents and so died hungry. The world is almost equally full of stories of artists who did prostitute their talents and so died regretful. This is the story of an artist who preserved his ideals and found a steady market for them. It is true that as an artist he was not of much account, but as a human phenomenon he was a rare specimen. The world is singularly empty of stories which have both a happy and a moral ending.

Plutarco Roo was a Mexican, born in the second half of the last century. Being of extremely mixed race, he doubtless carried in him the strands of many national cultures—Spanish, Aztec, Mixtec, Totonac, Zapotec, and possibly Chihuahuan—but these elements were more of a fertilizing than a formative influence; they composed, as it were, an anonymous humus from which flowered an art essentially empirical and of the nineteenth century.

His mother was a hard-working woman of the town. When she died, Plutarco was taken by some good nuns who kept an orphanage. There he was considered satisfactorily pious and adequately industrious, but his creative gifts went unperceived and uncultivated. Plutarco's favorite nun was Mother Remedios, who made the cakes which are sold for All Souls' Day. These cakes are made of sugar in the shape of skulls. The name of a dear dead person is scrolled onto the skull by means of a pastry tube, together with some ornaments of tears, lilies, etc. They are bought for picnics in the cemetery, and at the close of the picnics the affectionate relatives eat them.

Under the teaching of Mother Remedios, Plutarco Roo became adept at tears and lilies. He could also put very expressive eyeballs into the sockets, though not every client approved of this variant, considering eyeballs too naturalistic. When the time came for Plutarco to make his living in the world, he was apprenticed to a pastry cook.

PLUTARCO Roo's talent was definitely for color and arabesque. The sculptural element in confectionery made no appeal to him; his buns were uncouth, his crescents unsymmetrical. But his decorative impulse, unfolding with the profusion of a tropical spring, heaped ornament on ornament and ran riot in cochineal and saffron. The pastry cook accused him of stealing inordinate quantities of sugared rose petals, violet petals, angelica, and small silvered balls in order to eat them. It is true that he stole. But it was not to devour. He kept his thefts in small paper bags under his mattress, and at the hour of the siesta, when the pastry cook and his family were asleep, Plutarco would reknead a very old and grimy piece of dough (which he also kept under his mattress) and emboss it with various experimental mosaics and floral designs.

He had been reared pious. Now his piety took on a fervent quality. His eyes opened to the delights of religious art, to the hues, surpassing any cochineal or sap green, of nineteenth-century stained glass, to the more than meringuelike suavity of saintly draperies and saintly complexions. He took to wandering from church to church during his working hours. This placed the pastry cook in a difficult position. It is one thing to track down an idle apprentice to the wineshop or the market place, whence he can be haled back with a kick and harsh words. It is quite another matter to hale him from the sanctuary where he is kneeling in devout contemplation before an image of St. Mary Magdalene.

For some years Plutarco Roo and the pastry cook continued in this uneasy relationship. As time went on and Plutarco's feeling for religious art outpaced his earlier passion for pure arabesque, so that he left off stealing rose petals, etc., the pastry cook indulged a hope that after all he had not been sold such a bad pennyworth by the good nuns and that there was some prospect that the young man might sober down into a useful tradesman, the more so since he was now of an age when he might reasonably be expected to abate some of his religious fervor and begin to attend to the things of this world.

It was with the design of luring Plutarco's attention to the things of this world that the pastry cook delegated to him the icing of a cake ordered by Don Isidro Barca. This cake, it had been intimated, must be of a grand and festive appearance, an appearance, indeed, semi-nuptial, since it was intended to celebrate the fifth anniversary of Don Isidro's successful introduction to Doña Mercedes Valles-Bosch, the most admired soprano of the town opera company. "Make it as lively as possible," said the pastry cook. "Take all the doves. A lyre or two also would look well and be appropriate."

Plutarco was working on the cake till the last possible moment; that, maybe, was why the pastry cook did not go into all the details as closely as he might have done. It seemed very ornate, very sumptuous, in fact very much what it should be, only rather too sticky. And when, on the morrow of its delivery, Don Isidro Barca came stormily into the shop and slammed it down on the counter, stickiness was the pastry cook's first thought. "Such a cake," he said excusingly, "takes a long time, takes much thought."

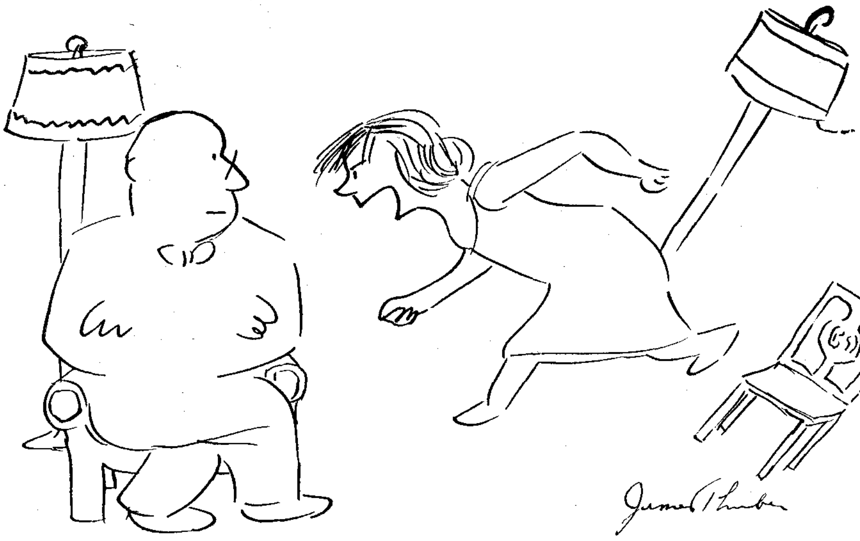
"Such a cake," exclaimed Don Isidro, "takes deliberate malice. But it doesn't take long, or need great perspicacity, to decipher the venomous intention of such insinuations. Look at this! Is that a Cupid? And at this! Is that meagre visionary a nymph? And what do all these harps mean, and all these doves and lilies? I asked for a cake, not for a shrine of the Immaculate Conception. Have I been a liberal, and a freethinker, and a man of the world for fifty years to be offered a monument of reactionary Gothic? So much for your cake!" And with his cane he whacked the edifice.

Enough unbroken icing remained for it to be quite clear that Plutarco had allowed admiration for religious art to outrun the scope of his material. And as Don Isidro was a man of influence and a good customer, the pastry cook dismissed Plutarco there and then.

Plutarco did not hesitate over what to do next. He went to a house of Carmelites and asked to enter the religious life. Love of God, he explained, was his motive. Love of art would be his dower. He promised to paint for them such pictures of paradise and of the saints as would make their establishment renowned throughout Mexico and visited by Americans of the North. The Superior seemed unconvinced. For some time Plutarco spoke of art and of vocation, but made little headway. Many young men, said the Superior, felt like this, especially when they had just lost a job. Not many young men, retorted Plutarco, lost their jobs so honorably as he, and he told of the cynical behavior of Don Isidro Barca and of the treachery of the pastry cook.

"Persecuted by a liberal," murmured the Superior thoughtfully. "Have you witnesses for this?"

"Ask him yourself," replied Plutarco. "Ask the pastry cook. Ask, above all,



"Why did I ever marry below my emotional level!"

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to see the cake. That will show you what sort of artist I am."

PLUTARCO was accepted for a novitiate. A novitiate is a very active experience. Plutarco had no time for practicing art, and not much time even for thinking about it. He grew despondent; but just then a small earthquake took place, which caused a great deal of dust. It became imperative to spring-clean the chapel. A local firm of ecclesiastical decorators was called in. Statues were scrubbed with soda and wire brushes, altarpieces were cleaned with slices of raw potato, artificial flowers were renewed, the chapel became almost unrecognizably clean and spruce. At the close of these doings the Superior walked round with the firm's proprietor, and during their conversation the proprietor remarked, "You've got some fine old masters here. Several undoubted Correggios and three Murillos at least. All they need is a little renovation." The Superior said that renovations were costly.

"On the contrary. Such expenses repay themselves in a month. A little paragraph in the newspaper: 'Valuable Murillos in a state equal to new. Connoisseurs admitted every Monday and Thursday between four and five P.M.' You would never regret it."

"It would be costly," repeated the Superior.

The proprietor mentioned a price. The Superior shook his head. In a burst of geniality, the proprietor exclaimed, "See now! I will fix just one of them, that fine St. Joseph yonder, for instance, and charge only for the materials. Then, if you are satisfied, we will agree about the others."

The Superior said that such devotion found its true reward in heavenly appreciation. "But as some slight return for such a favor, we will supply you with an assistant. For doubtless you will need a boy to clean the brushes and so forth."

TO watch and not to perform, to clean brushes and not to wield them, to mix paints and not to lay them on was almost more than Plutarco could endure. However, he did endure, observing every stroke and asking a great many questions. As the Novice Master had pointed out, this was a wonderful opportunity for him. A little later, the Novice Master told him that if he were modest and careful and did not waste paint or become vainglorious, he might renovate the remaining old masters. "But only the backgrounds," he said, "and such details as cherubs and feet. For these are all very valuable Murillos. We cannot endanger them. They are works of art and exceedingly antique."

The use of a pastry tube imparts a very steady and accurate hand. Plutarco renovated the backgrounds without infringing by a hair's breadth on the main figures. The new backgrounds were bright and glossy, and wherever possible he introduced lilies, having learned a well-credentialled type of lily from Mother Remedios. By using a great deal of turpentine, which at once made brushwork easier and kept down the cost of the paints, and by avoiding any appearance of vainglory, he won golden opinions. He was allowed to proceed with cherubs and feet. Here, too, he acquitted himself to everyone's satisfaction. Cherubs and feet alike were pink and dimpled, and his renovation of St. Margaret's dragon (classed as a cherub) was so striking that he was told to go ahead with the Saint herself. She was not so grateful as her dragon; her nose, in particular, gave him agonies. But when she was completed, there could be no doubt of it: the unrenovated saints made a poor, dowdy appearance in comparison with her.

Plutarco was given a free brush. Month by month the chapel became more bright and bowery. Month by month Plutarco felt his powers expanding, felt himself more enfranchised from dependence upon the original outlines and the old, faded colorings. Now not only did he make blues much bluer, he sometimes made them pink. Countenances that had been austere became smiling and youthful, and his virgin martyrs developed an *embonpoint* at once stately and alluring, as though they were so many celestial circus riders. Everyone was delighted, and the connoisseurs who were admitted, for a small fee, to admire the old masters, now restored to their prime condition, realized as never before the possibilities of heaven, the beauty of holiness.

And then, just as his maturing talents were in full swing, Plutarco Roo was told that there was nothing more that he need paint, unless he cared to give a lick of renovation to the collecting boxes. No more painting? With incredulity he pointed to the expanses of blank wall. There and there he could portray, in fresco, a St. Agnes with a far curlier lamb, a St. James with infinitely finer legs, a more majestic St. Teresa, and a more appealing St. Anthony.

"No, my son," replied the Novice Master, "that would not do at all. They would not be renovations, you see."

THAT night, in a tempest of indignation, Plutarco Roo left the Carmelites, taking with him the paint brushes, all the remaining paints, and a considerable quantity of gold leaf.

It was the act of an artist, impulsive and unpractical. He had no particular intention of theft, but the possession of so much gold leaf was undoubtedly invidious. There was nothing for it: he must leave the town and cast himself, a wandering artist or a wandering pastry cook, upon the mercies of the countryside.

These mercies proved very slender. Though he found innumerable churches possessing old masters, he could never win a solid commission for renovations; at best, he could contrive an order to brighten up a halo or two with some of the gold leaf. He turned to secular art, offering to paint decorations for shop fronts and taverns. But his style, so intensively nourished upon ecclesiastical subjects, did not lend itself to such commissions. Just as Don Isidro had resented his cake, vintners and saloonkeepers turned up their noses at his beauties and bullfighters. His young ladies, however plump, retained the majesty of virgin martyrs, his toreadors recalled nothing but the Archangel Michael. Client after client said to him, "It is too idealistic. Such portraits would not sell a glass of lemonade."

Equally, there was no demand for pastry cooks in rural districts. Yet because of the gold leaf, he did not like to go to a town.

At last, more to get out of Mexico than with any definite hope of doing better elsewhere, he worked a passage to Havana. The voyage made him horribly seasick. Cold and shivering, he sat down in a café near the waterfront and thought to himself that whether he throve or starved on the island, on the island he must remain, for he could never endure another journey by sea. The waiter said to him, "What you need is a Pernod."

The waiter was right. The glass was scarcely emptied before Plutarco Roo felt his vitality returning, began to think of his past as a series of interesting adventures, realized himself as the vehicle of an authentic talent maintained with spirit in a rough-and-tumble world, and started to look around on his new environment. At the next table sat two men, both well dressed and handsome, and deep in conversation. He studied them with an artist's eye, debating whether they should be put into turbans and become Doctors Disputing in the Temple or whether it would be better to coif them with simple halos as SS. Sebastian and Roch.

"Herbert Spencer," said one of them, "an English philosopher. It would be a splendid name for the brand. It would sell it among the English. And they are the kind of cigars that the English are glad to smoke. But the trouble is, there should be a portrait of him inside the lid. And how can one have a portrait if one does not know what the man looks like?"

"I suppose you could get a photograph," said the other.

The first man shrugged his shoulders. "And how is one to get a photograph of an English philosopher? It would mean inquiries and research. You know how it is with such affairs. One begins them, but one never ends them."

"True," replied his friend. "One cannot deny it. Perhaps it might be an imaginative portrait?"

"Then the English would know. And these are cigars very definitely for the English market."

"Yes, they would know. The English are like that."

After a pause the friend suggested, "Why not some other English philosopher?"

"I do not know of one. It would mean more inquiries, more research. Besides, I have already printed the bands."

"Too bad," said the friend.

Plutarco Roo stepped forward. "Pardon me," he said. "But this is a matter of no difficulty. I am an artist. And I happen to be well acquainted with the features of Herbert Spencer."

"How foolish one is to worry," said the first speaker. "One has only to sit in a café and wait. Will you have a cognac?" he said to Plutarco.

"A Pernod, if you please. I find my best inspiration in Pernod."

A RELIGIOUS artist, accustomed to rely upon his sense of the befitting for likenesses of saints and martyrs, was not liable to be much troubled in inventing the likeness of a contemporary philosopher. By combining the blandness of St. Joseph with the learning of St. Jerome, by sweeping the flowing white beard sufficiently to one side to display a Gladstone collar, a blue necktie, and a scarfpin representing a fox's head, and by inserting a monocle, Plutarco Roo provided an excellent likeness of Herbert Spencer. A few palms, a distant volcano, and two emblematical ladies, one holding a telescope and the other leading a lion, supplied the background, and the cigar manufacturer accepted the design with enthusiasm and commissioned others. From that day, Plutarco Roo functioned in his new métier as smoothly as a cylinder in its sleeve, alternating commission and invention, production and payment, in an easy rhythm. His works were numerous. Many of them can be identified by the initials P. R.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

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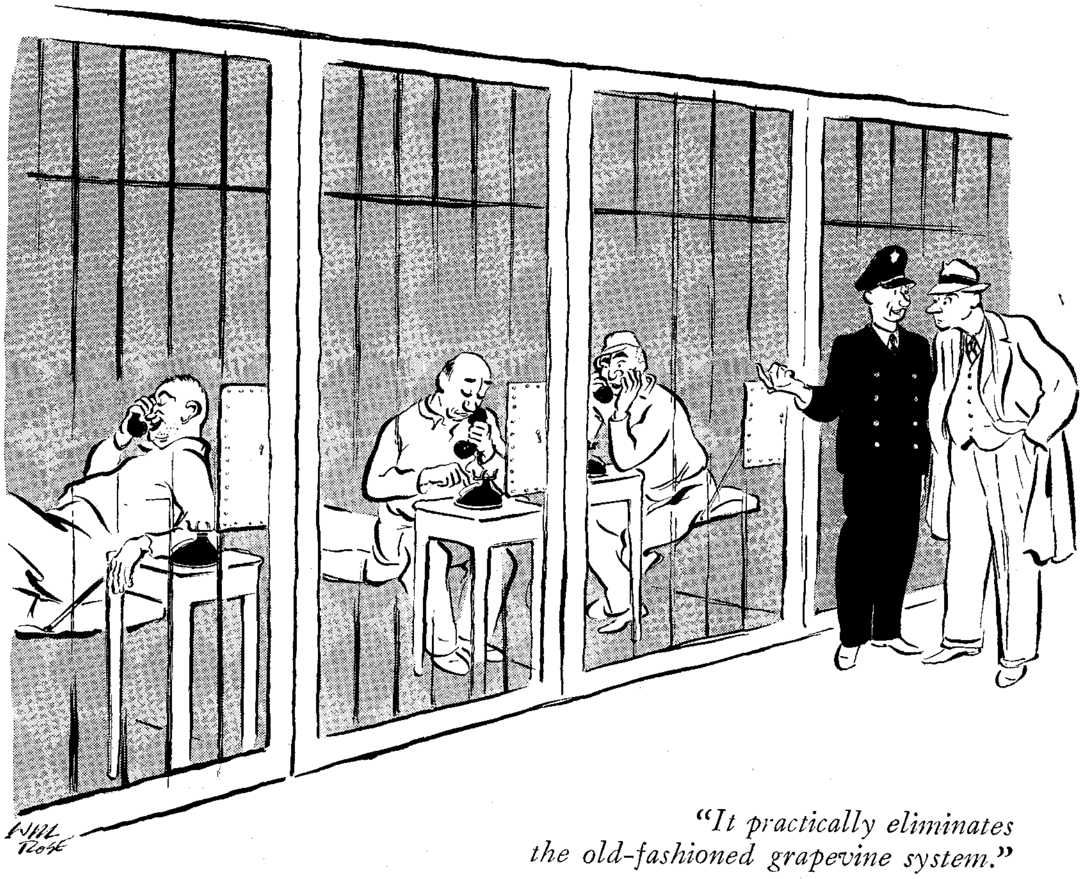
Female spiders eat their mates, but apparently only when really hungry.—*Boston Transcript.*

No excuses, please.



"It practically eliminates the old-fashioned grapevine system."

THE WILSONS

LET THEM FIND OUT

DRENCHED in gin and September sunlight, the Countess de Fresne lay on her striped deck chair in front of her blue-and-yellow cabaña at the South County Beach Club. The sky was cloudless and the water of Narragansett Bay was an intense and glowing blue, with threads of white foam where the tiny waves dissolved on the beach. A young girl was sitting all by herself on the sand near the cabaña. The Countess looked at her through very dark glasses. That girl Hilda Wilson, she thought, relaxing. Aloud she said, "The hell of these cabannas is that you can't ever get hold of a boy to get you a sixth drink." Without moving at all, she cried out in a rich and slightly hoarse contralto, "Boy! Boy!" Then she closed her eyes. Time passed, and the noonday sun was warm on her legs and arms and the shade was cool on her face.

Presently she opened her eyes again. "Louis!" she called.

"*Oui, Maman,*" replied a child's voice behind her in the cabaña.

"Are you dressed?"

"*Oui, Maman.*"

"Go find me a cabanna boy then. *Vite!*" she said.

"*Bien, Maman,*" said the voice. The Countess heard a door open and close softly and the tap of running steps diminishing on the wooden boards of the walk.

She was worried about Paul. His letters from Lisbon were pathetic. And in the middle of all this hooroosh, he found time to fret about the boy, saying that he was becoming nothing but an American. Nonsense! The child was ninety per cent frog. And anyhow, Europe was no place for children now. Poor Paul! But there'd be plenty of women in Lisbon. Oh, well, she missed him. There was no one here so amusing. What did other women matter? Look at all the women and men from Providence, and New York, and Philadelphia, and Baltimore—fiddling about and getting into jams with each other's husbands and wives. Paul never got into jams. Not in the seventeen years they'd been married, not one jam. He managed without jams. She heard footsteps approaching, but she didn't move. Then a voice spoke beside her. "What can I do for you?"

"Charlie," she said, without looking up, "for God's sake, where do you keep yourself?"

"Busying around," said the voice.

"Well, busy around here once in a while, will you?" she said. "There's nobody here now. God sakes, they've all left! You'd think I'd have the whole lot of you hanging around here to give me service."

"I'm sorry."

"You ought to be," she said. "Even in Milwaukee, where I come from, they get you a drink faster than here. I want another gin-and-lime."

"O.K.," he said.

"And listen, Charlie, tell that Walter to put enough gin in it so's a person can taste it, and not drown it out with lime juice. Three more drinks like the last and I'll be talking with an English accent."

Charlie laughed and said, "Okiedoke. Lots of gin. Right away."

"It's no laughing matter," she said. "You're playing with my very life."

SHE heard his footsteps going away and she shut her eyes again. The sun was delicious. With a couple more drinks under her belt, it would be pure heaven. This place was nice. Pity they had to go to Virginia. Might stop in New York a week and raise a little hell and get Marie some clothes before school opened. New York will be dull without Paul, she thought. But someone will turn up. While I keep my looks. *And* my figure. She ran her hand down over her waist. Rubber tires. At thirty-four! Elizabeth Arden or less gin. Or less food and more gin and more Elizabeth Arden. Rubber tires would ruin anyone—you couldn't do it all on your face. And only women cared about titles. Poppa was right about that in his dull, Swedish way.

The next time she opened her eyes she saw that Hilda Wilson was still sitting alone on the beach, picking up handfuls of sand and letting it strain through her fingers.

"For God's sake!" thought the Countess. "Are they *making* that gin?" She stirred in her chair. "Miss McCullogh!" she called.

"Yes, My Lady?" said a Scotch voice from the cabaña.

"Throw me out some cigarettes, will you?"

There was no answer, but presently a large, brown hand reached over her shoulder, holding a package of cigarettes and a paper of matches.

"Thanks," she said. "You off to lunch?"

"Yes, My Lady."

"Is that daughter of mine dressed?"

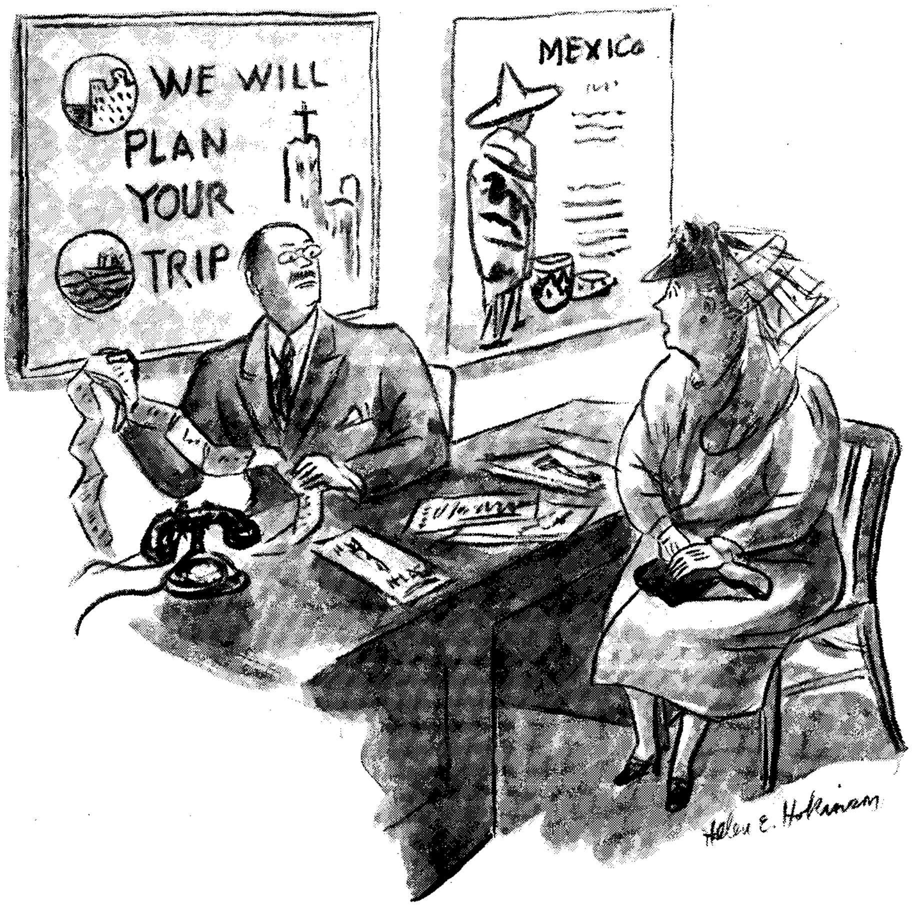
"Louis is dressed. Marie is having her farewell lunch with Ellen Medford and that Janice Clark girl."

"Oh, sure, I forgot," said the Countess. "If you see the boy with my drink, tell him for God's sake to step on it."

"Yes," said Miss McCullogh, and withdrew.

The Countess lit a cigarette. It made her cough. She thought, When I

TANK
TANK
USA
SECRET WEAPON
3.7 ANTI-AIR
HOWITZER
Alan Dunn



"Do you mind if I take my nephew along?"

• •

get another drink, the cigarette will taste swell. Her eyes roved over the beach again. Deserted, at this hour, in September. Except for Hilda Wilson. Sixteen, she must be. Marie's age.

Why didn't Marie ask Hilda to her lunch party? And that reminds me, I have to dine with the Medfords. God, what a bore! But I've got tea with Mrs. Collins first—that'll be fun. She's fun. Though all I'll get will be tea. And I'll have to remember not to swear. Mrs. Collins likes Paul and she puts up with me because of Paul. Marie doesn't like Hilda much and as for Hilda's mother, I think that Fairlie Wilson is a bore. She's so god-damned efficient and pushing. Like Momma. Would I have been like that if Poppa hadn't made the million-dollar buttons? And now zippers. Or if I hadn't married Paul? Fairlie Wilson, who would sell her grandmother to the white slavers to get asked to houses like the Medfords'. And that pretty little Hilda, all alone. Would she have to push, too? God knows. The Countess heard steps behind her, and a clinking noise. Then an arm in white put down her drink on a stool beside her.

"Did you run out of fertilizer for the young lime trees or was the bathtub being used for bathing?" she said.

"I got it as soon as I could," said Charlie.

"You'd never even make left tackle on a Western Union team," she said. He laughed. "Bring me another in exactly half an hour," she said.

"O.K."

"And listen, Charlie, I mean half an hour, thirty minutes, by standard time, not by some method of burning up old marked candles or letting sand run through a sieve, see?"

"Yeah," he said. "It'll be here." He went away. Sand through a sieve—made her think of something. Oh, yes, Hilda Wilson. She took a good pull at her drink.

"Aah!" she said. "They get better after you've had five or six thousand of them. Miss McCullogh!"

There was no answer. She's gone, thought the Countess. Hell! How she *loves* to call me "My Lady"! In front of other governesses especially. Hotcha! I miss Paul, no denying, but if he was here, I couldn't get ginned up like this. Sieves. Hilda. I had an idea, but what was it? Oh, yes! She took another swallow. In her loud and husky voice she shouted, "Oh, Hilda!"

The girl dropped the sand she was sifting and turned, almost with a start. "Did you want me?" she called out.

"Yes, come here a minute," cried the Countess.

She watched the girl rise, not ungracefully, and walk toward her. She has a pretty little figure, the Countess thought. That red-and-white number is good on her with her dark hair. And her skin goes a fine brown. She isn't blotchy like Marie. Or like me. In a moment more the girl stood before her.

"Yes, Madame de Fresne?"

"Hiyo, Hilda," said the Countess. "Didn't Marie find you?"

"No. Was she looking for me?"

Goodness godness Agnes, thought the Countess, she gives herself away fast. Did you ever *hear* such disappointment in a voice? Aloud she said, "Yes, sure. Sit down and talk to me, Hilda. This place is so empty now. Sure she was looking for you—who else? She wanted you to have lunch with her, I think, and Ellen, and that Janice Clark girl."

"Oh!" said Hilda. "But I've been right *here!*"

"Missed you, I guess," said the Countess. "Never mind."

"I could dress quickly. Are they eating now?"

"Oh, no, they'll be half through by now. Don't you mind. We'll have lunch together."

"You?" said Hilda. "With me?"

"Your mother expects you?"

"Oh, I'll telephone."

"Do," said the Countess. "And tell her we're making plans."

"What plans?"

"I'll tell you later. Run, and come right back."

"Shan't I dress?"

"Lord, no!" said the Countess. "We'll eat here, in our bathing suits."

"Oh!" said Hilda.

God, thought the Countess, I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. It's the dining room she wants. "Come back," she said, "and in half an hour we'll change, and we'll have lunch in the dining room." The girl, looking radiant, started off. "Tell that dumb cluck Alonzo to save us a table," the Countess called.

"Oh yes, I will," said Hilda, and sprinted off toward the clubhouse.

RESERVING tables at this time of year, thought the Countess, is just about as necessary as a card of admission to a Woolworth store. And she hadn't meant, damn it, to have any lunch, hoping to let the gin take care of that, and give a thought to the rubber tires, and sleep till it was time to dress and go see that old cutie, Mrs. Collins. She was a sketch. Oh, well, Charlie should be along with Number Seven pretty soon, though Number Six sure pulled in late. At heart, she thought, I'm nothing but a Y.W.C.A. worker. Plus gin. A big plus. Before she knew it, Hilda was back, still radiant, too, only more so.

"It's O.K., Madame de Fresne," she said. "Mother says it's O.K. about lunch and Alonzo has a table for us."

"That's lucky," said the Countess. "Sit down. Rest your body." The girl sat on the boards at her feet. "We leave day after tomorrow."

"Oh," said Hilda, "do you?"

"Yep," said the Countess. "I never drink in one place too long. Bad for my reputation. First we go to New York."

"That must be wonderful!" said Hilda.

"Yes, indeedy," said the Countess. "*Quelque* dump, New York. When does your school open?"

"October second."

"Where do you get your clothes?" asked the Countess.

"Providence, I guess," said Hilda.

"My God!" said the Countess. "Figure that!" She took a long pull at her drink and finished it. "You'd better come to New York with me and get your things there when Marie does."

Hilda gasped.

"Ever seen N.Y.?" asked the Countess.

"Oh, no. Never."

"Good," said the Countess. "We'll burn up the town. You stay with me and my brats at the Ambassador. Would you like to?"

"Oh, yes!" said Hilda. "If Mother'll let me."

"Don't worry. She will. A little bird tells me so. And as my guest. I'll fix it."

"That's just wonderful of you," said Hilda. "That's just wonderful!"

"Oh no. Merely a rich woman's whim, child, merely a whim. Don't give it a second thought." Then she stirred and half sat up and looked full at Hilda, and she said, "Now, just one thing, child. Don't tell anyone about this beforehand. I'll fix it for you to go with us. In two days. And say nothing."

"Oh—oh—well—all right," said Hilda.

BALLAD OF THE PREËLECTION VOTE

November's gale already
Disturbs the summer dust.
The breezes whirl and eddy
With straws in every gust,
With straws in every gust, tra-la,
And polls in every section,
Designed to show
How winds can blow
And eke in whose direction.

Now, terrible and tireless,
The ballots fall like hail.
They search us out by wireless,
They clog the morning mail.
No candidate too pallid,
No issue too remote,
But it can snare
A questionnaire
To analyze our vote.

And shore to rocky shore, now,
Stirring the nation's pulse,
Begins the mighty war, now,
Of Differing Results.
The leaders shout a warning,
The experts spin their arts.
From South and North
They Gallup forth
With averages and charts.

And some by slogans mystic
Rouse countryside and town
To challenge the statistic
Or cry the verdict down;
But no one hurries faster
To point us out a flaw
Than the nominee
Who seems to be
The turkey in the straw.

—Phyllis McGinley

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"Just do as I tell you, honey," said the Countess. "I know my stuff. I been around the camp so long I got wound stripes. Just let *all* the others find out for themselves, including Marie. It's better that way. Tell about things after they've happened, it's hotter." Hilda nodded her head. She doesn't understand, thought the Countess, but maybe she'll do it.

THERE was the sound of footsteps again, and the tinkling noise. Charlie set another long, tall glass on the stool.

"Finished with this?" he asked as he picked up the empty glass.

"My God, Charlie, Number Seven got in on time! Is it an extra-fare train?"

Charlie laughed. "Any more?" he said.

"No," said the Countess. "Leave us. We would be alone."

"O.K."

He left. Minus his tinkle, thought the Countess.

"Hook it," she said to Hilda. "Get dressed, child. I'll be finished with this poison and all dressed like a Mother when you get back."

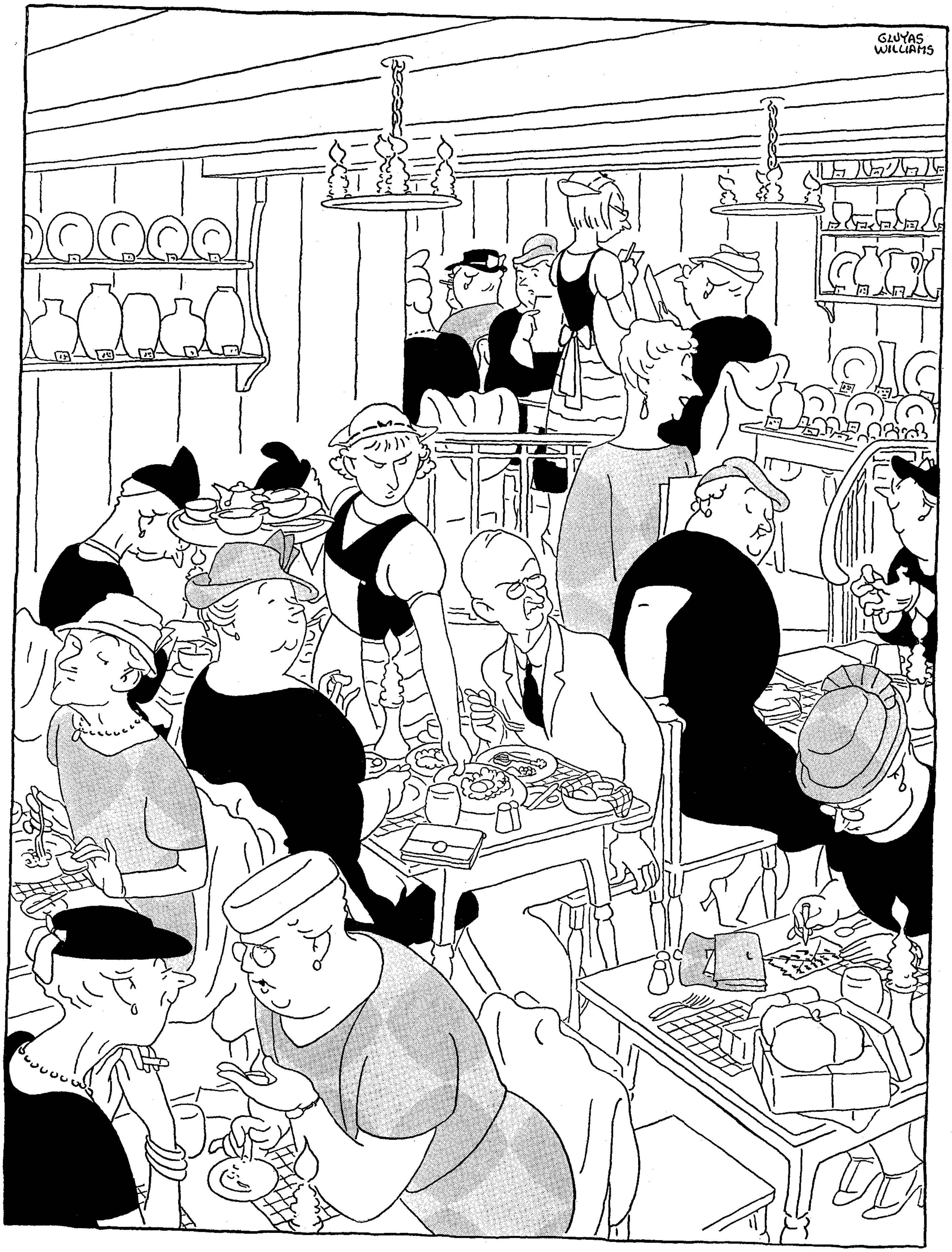
Hilda rose and said, "Oh, I don't know how to thank you enough. I really don't."

"Skip it," said the Countess. "Hook it, my pet." The girl moved away.

She walks all differently, thought the Countess. I'm a Girl Scout. I'm a Mother's Helper. I'm something or other from the Bible that begins with "s," I think. She took a long drink. "Aah," she said, "with enough of these, with enough money, with enough brass, you can do anything! But I miss Paul. And I got to shed these rubber tires. Lunch. Ugh! Pugh!" She relaxed in her chair. How early, if she had those two chickens, Marie and Hilda, on her hands, would she be able to get them to bed? And again, how early would she have to break out in the A.M.? Or would Miss McCullogh do that part? Let them find out for themselves, she thought.

When Hilda came back to her, dressed, the glass was empty and the Countess was fast asleep.

—Christopher LaFarge

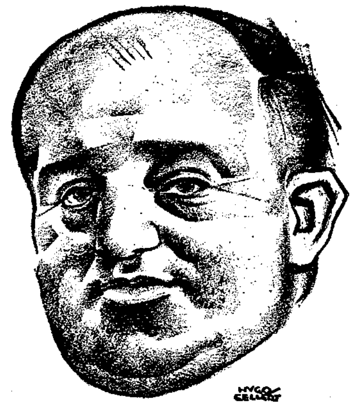

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE INNER MAN

Tearoom

PROFILES ⁂

SECOND-HAND HOT SPOTS



I. Arthur Ganger

ALTHOUGH I. Arthur Ganger runs a bar-and-night-club-equipment business which grosses $600,000 a year, he would not be dismayed if liquor again became illegal. He has a poor opinion of night clubs, and his strained, cynical eyes light up whenever he thinks of a new term of contempt for them; currently he calls them "upholstered sewers" or "Murphy beds" (because they fold so often). He also has a poor opinion of people who operate night clubs. "The most of them," he likes to say, "their only assets is a big mouth, a green suit, a débutantey singer, and seventy-fi' cents in cash." Ganger looks back on the last ten years of prohibition as by far the most satisfactory of his life; in that period he was the biggest dealer in speakeasy equipment in the city. He got into the business by chance. In 1923 he was a salesman of second-hand cash registers, and in December of that year, as a favor to a speakeasy proprietor who had given him a good order, he devised an icebox with false walls in which thirty-four fifths of phony Scotch could be cached. Other speakeasy proprietors heard of this and persuaded him to build similar iceboxes for them. "One thing led to another," he says, "and the first thing I knew I was selling beer pumps, champagne buckets, peephole doors, and God knows what all. It was the most fun I ever had."

In the decade from 1924 to 1933, he sold more than $1,000,000 worth of this equipment, dealing principally with "fronts" for various gang leaders in Manhattan. Most of the stuff was manufactured in a woodworking shop in Long Island City and brought across the river in a furniture van. His business was so smoothly geared that a speakeasy, stripped of its furnishings by prohibition agents in a night raid, could be reëquipped and back in operation by five o'clock the next afternoon. Subsequently, when the confiscated furnishings were put on sale in a United States marshal's auction, Ganger would bid them in. He says there were years when ninety per cent of this stuff was knocked down to him or to bidders acting for him. Sooner or later, Ganger's second-hand furnishings would be moved into a new speakeasy, and sometimes it, too, would be raided; then the furnishings would be hauled to a government warehouse and auctioned off again. Ganger remembers a horseshoe bar and a set of red leather stools for which he was the highest bidder in four auctions. "I got sick of the sight of that lot of merchandise," he says. The speakeasy-equipment business was remarkably solid. Since repeal, dealing with night-club promoters, Ganger has filled a desk drawer with unpaid accounts, but in the ten underground years he wrote off only $512 in bad debts. "In the good old speak days," he says, in explanation of this fact, "I was doing business with public enemies."

GANGER is one of those paunchy, bustling little men whose suits always seem to be ready to burst at the seams. He is fifty-three. Because he seldom gets enough sleep, he becomes irritable easily and is often in a state of exasperation. Almost every night he makes a round of late spots, and it is routine for him to get home at three, sleep fitfully for a few hours, and arrive at his roll-top desk at nine sharp. He smokes twenty-five cigars a day and is a coffee addict. He has a croaky voice and a lower-Manhattan accent as authentic as Al Smith's. His conversation is predominantly sarcastic, except when he talks about his family or his years as a speakeasy outfitter. He is extremely sentimental about those years. He is constantly reminded of them by a crazy collection of speakeasy bric-a-brac which he keeps in his office. The collection is made up of stuff he salvaged from raided joints and is as precious to him as a scrapbook is to an old actor. It includes two mangy moose heads, four paintings of lush, pink females, a badly sprung suit of armor (taken out of a dive called the King Arthur Club), a push-about piano painted red, white, and blue, and a warped old bar. When he shows this bar to visitors, he slaps it affectionately and says, "She stood up under five federal raids."

On the office walls are yellowing photographs of Charles A. Lindbergh standing beside the Spirit of St. Louis, of Jack Dempsey with his gloves up, and of "The Old Drunk," a leering, unshaven man who wears a derby and holds a beer; these photographs were standard back-bar ornaments in Manhattan speaks. In the midst of these photographs, and looking out of place, is a souvenir of a later period. It is a framed letterhead of the New York World's Fair Bond Sales Committee. Down the left margin of the letterhead is a list of names of prominent citizens. The first name is Richard Whitney, chairman of the committee, and the last name is I. Arthur Ganger, chairman of the hotel-and-restaurant-equipment division of the committee. On the letterhead the sardonic Ganger has scribbled, "I am so glad my name is at the bottom." Also on the walls are a number of bar signs of the "W.Y.B.M.A.D.I.I.T.Y.?" variety. (Speakeasy customers would stare at this sign and ask, "What in God's name does it mean?," and the bartender would reply archly, "Will you buy me a drink if I tell you?") Tacked on the office door is an assortment of cards issued by some of the seven hundred speakeasies for which Ganger furnished equipment. A few are from places that were entirely designed and built under his supervision, such as the Park Avenue, the Wigwam, the Montparnasse, the West Side Tony's, the Merry-Go-Round, the Biarritz, and the first Stork Club. The office is overwhelmingly illuminated by one of the two chandeliers that used to hang in the Central Park Casino (its mate is in a beer garden in Palisades Amusement Park), and on Ganger's desk stands a cracked marble statue of Napoleon Bonaparte which once decorated the bar of the Club Napoleon, later the Casa Blanca, one of the three places he built for Larry Fay. "The Nap was the finest speak I ever built," Ganger says proudly. "Only thing wrong with it was a screwy doorman. One night he took out a gun and murdered Larry. Larry was O.K. When he died we were square. He didn't owe me a dime."

For Fay, for Big Frenchy de Mange, for Dutch Schultz, and for the other underworld figures he knew, Ganger still has a curious admiration; he admires them not because they were adventurous but simply because they were good credit risks. He has been selling various types of merchandise on credit for thirty years, and says no other class of businessmen he ever dealt with had as much respect for a debt as the gang leaders of the twenties. He calls them "the gentlemen from the mob" or "the so-called underworld boys," and likes to talk about them. "Between us," he says, waving a cigar expansively, "most of our deals were word deals. I mean we didn't sign nothing. One time Big Frenchy says to me, 'Arthur,' he says, 'paper is incriminating. It gets you in trouble.' But when it come to pay, they paid. I trusted them and vice versa, a condition that don't exist any more. One of my customers, which I won't mention his name because he's still alive, knock on wood, I was phoned to meet him on a certain street corner one night. We got in his roadster, which was his office, and talked business while we rode. He gave me the key to an old mansion he had leased in the Fifties and laid a pack of bills on my lap and said, 'That's three grand. Rip the insides out of that mansion and build me a joint. I don't want to know nothing about it until she's finished. Use your own judgment and ask one of the boys for my phone number when you need more cash.' That's the way we did business in the old days—like gentlemen."

Ganger never considered himself a member of the underworld. He was never arrested and his business was legal. Although people were murdered in some of the speakeasies he outfitted, he seldom came in contact with anything more sinister than a prohibition raid, and he never witnessed any gunplay. "I always been strictly law-abiding," he says. "In speakeasy times I went under the presumption I was in the restaurant-equipment line. I didn't even sell bars; I called them counters. When I sold a counter, or a gross of beer tumblers, or a dozen cocktail-shakers, it was none of my responsibility what the customer used them for. I didn't even inquire. In other words, there was a phone booth in every speak, and I figured if the New York Telephone Company could do business with the underworld, so could Ignatius Arthur Ganger."

SOMETIMES Ganger tells people that he is more a gambler than a businessman. "It's in my blood to take chances," he says. His father, Adolf Ganger, was a professional gambler. Arthur was born in Vienna. In 1898, when he was eleven, his family migrated to Manhattan, settling on the lower East Side. His father became a bookmaker, working the Gravesend, Sheepshead Bay, and Morris Park race tracks. Ganger remembers him as a quiet, unsmiling man who would sit for hours in the kitchen working out problems in calculus on the slate he also used at the track for posting odds. Arthur went to Public School 25, on Fifth Street. "I was a top scholar but a bad boy," he says. "My marks were O.K., but my conduct was a shame." When he completed the eighth grade he informed his father he was through with school. "Make a living, then," he was told.

He worked as office boy for a furniture company until he was eighteen and then opened a store of his own, selling chairs and tables to small East Side eating places. After two years he sold out and went into the excursion-boat business with a team of promoters named Edmund J. Sullivan and John J. Gallaher. They chartered steamers for trips around Manhattan, moonlight sails, and weekend and holiday excursions on Long Island Sound and the Hudson. "Our excursions were very popular with the young squirts," Ganger says. "In those days necking was called spooning, and we encouraged it by using gypsy bands and keeping the lights real low. On the top decks we didn't have no lights at all." To get publicity for their excursions, he and Sullivan wrote a song called "Up the Hudson or on the Sound." They bribed vaudeville and roof-garden singers to use it, and it became rather popular. Sometimes at a night-club opening Ganger will order champagne, and it always impels him to sing this song. " 'Afternoons we go up the Hudson,' " he will sing, in a croaking voice, keeping time by waving his glass, " 'in the evenings we're on the Sound. In the steamer City of Worcester a floating palace is found.' "

In 1910, Ganger lost interest in the excursion-boat business—it was too seasonal—and became a drummer for the National Cash Register Company, travelling through Dutchess, Ulster, and Putnam Counties. Four years later he opened a second-hand-cash-register

DEVIL'S LANDING
PURGATORY GLEN
HELL LAKE
SATAN RIDGE
R. TAYLOR

store, giving it up for the speakeasy-equipment business in 1924. In the fall of that year, while working overtime to complete a speakeasy for Larry Fay, he collapsed with an abdominal disorder and was taken to a hospital. He was operated on immediately. Shortly after the operation his wife walked into his room and heard a physician say to a colleague, "I don't think he has a chance." Mrs. Ganger, who was high-strung and had a weak heart, fell dead at her husband's bedside from the shock. Two years later Ganger married Miss Gizella Kahn, an "Artists and Models" dancer, whose stage name was Bobbie Kane. They have a twelve-year-old daughter and twins, a boy and a girl, who were born two years ago. Ganger is extremely proud of the twins. He keeps a collection of snapshots of them in his wallet.

IN the underground years, Ganger's merchandise was kept in stores and warehouses all over midtown Manhattan, but shortly after repeal he formed a corporation—Ganger, Inc.—and settled down in two buildings on Forty-fifth Street, between Fifth and Sixth. The main building is No. 71, where he occupies the basement and three floors. Across the street, at No. 56, is a branch which specializes, according to its catalogue, in "bars and accessories for the rumpus and whoopee room." This branch is called the Bar Mart and it does a nationwide business in home bars. Recently it shipped a fancy "Gothic" number of chestnut with imitation wormholes—it cost $1,000, including accessories—to a Puerto Rican senator. "That job made us international," Ganger says, "like Standard Oil." Ganger is proud of a line of erotic accessories he sells for home bars; it includes "nudie glasses" and muddlers shaped like naked humans. On one "nudie glass" is a picture of a bride; when the glass is filled, moisture condenses on the outside and the bride's garments gradually disappear.

Ganger, Inc., is a family business. He is president, his wife is treasurer and director of the Bar Mart branch, and three sons by his first wife are executives. Arthur, Jr., twenty-seven, is advertising manager and director of the bar-glass division; Lloyd, twenty-four, is sales manager and assists his father in making collections at night; and Franklin, twenty-one, is assistant purchaser. In addition, among the forty-five employees are two sisters and a brother-in-law of the present Mrs. Ganger. When Ganger is away from his office, which is much of the time, his wife is in charge. He has great respect for her shrewdness. "When it comes to business matters I am no dope," he says, "but put next to Mrs. Ganger, I am a dope."

Ganger, Inc., deals not only with night-life establishments but with hotels, restaurants, bars and grills, clubs, hospitals, and college dining halls (Yale and Columbia are steady customers). Buyers for these places come in, examine the stock on the display floor, and place orders for such standard items as coffee urns, dishwashing machines, refrigerators, china, glassware, tables, French-fry cutters, wine baskets, and hardwood boards for planked steaks. Ganger values these customers, but gives them

"And stop calling me 'Doc!'"

little personal attention. He lets assistants attend to them and reserves his time and sagacity for long, rather bitter conferences with promoters who want him to equip night clubs, cabarets, dance halls, and roadhouses on credit. Most other large bar-equipment firms fight shy of these promoters. Because of his temperament, Ganger is unable to resist them. "It would be safer to bet on horses," he says, "only I never had no use for horses." He is as willing to do business with a fly-by-night promoter who wants to open a basement honky-tonk in Greenwich Village as with a syndicate of investors who plan to build a $60,000 night club in Palm Beach. In the seven years since repeal he has equipped five hundred night-life places in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Florida. He calls about one-fourth of these places "Ganger creations;" that is, they were not only furnished but also designed and built by him.

He sometimes insists on spot cash for out-of-town jobs, but any promoter in the metropolitan area, by making a down payment and signing a document called a conditional sales agreement, can get an allotment of second-hand equipment from Ganger's basement. In this agreement Ganger retains title to the stuff until it is entirely paid for; if the place folds, he sends his truck around, picks up the equipment, and stores it until it is needed in a new club. In addition, Ganger is usually the successful bidder at auctions of the fittings of bankrupt clubs. Within one month last year he bought the equipment of clubs in New York, Boston, Chicago, and Detroit. He always has on hand, consequently, enough second-hand stuff to furnish a dozen places. Equipment originally built for a glittering Fifty-second Street club may next year turn up, only slightly altered, in a gambling house in Saratoga Springs, and the following year part of it may be in a roadhouse on a New Jersey highway and the balance in a honky-tonk in Atlantic City. There are gaudy bars in his warehouse which have been moved in and out of ten establishments.

Ganger, Inc., is sometimes called by its competitors "the Cain's warehouse of the night-club business," and Ganger thinks this is not entirely fair. "In big clubs," he says, "I don't use a single stick of second-hand stuff." La Conga, the Havana-Madrid, the Brown Derby, and the Hurricane are some of his big clubs; all four are "creations" of his. The equipment he uses in Florida clubs is also, in his words, "strictly virginal." Ganger built the Everglades Club in Palm Beach, and the Riptide, Continental, Paddock, and Five o'Clock Clubs in Miami Beach. Each year he makes at least a dozen plane trips to Florida to superintend the installation of equipment. On these trips he frequently takes time off for big-game fishing; it is the only sport that interests him.

BIRTH AND DEATH OF SUMMER

I

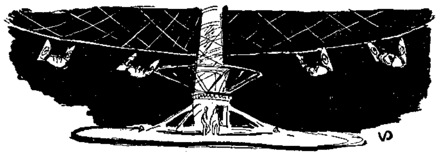
These nights of silence before April breaks
The woods are dumb yet confident and calm
We feel the firmness of the mounting month
And drift feet-foremost down the stream of time . . .
Warmer outside but still the wind moans . . .
A sudden buzz, the peepers' piping, wakes,
The tiniest moths, the dullest snakes, emerge
The green brushed in and more white flowers out . . .
Dumfounding moonlight of the mists of May on dimmed familiar ground
The deep unreal valley green and gray
The something that it seems to mean and ask:
The musk of whiskey making us a mask
Nightlong we gaze moon-dazed . . .
With one hot day of haze the summer comes
The ferns that looked so fresh are suddenly lush
The lilies of the valley lose their lustre
The sun is late, the light is later now
Great wooded mountains grow the gray old hills
Day fades and leaves its cold and lovely leas
And leaves us with the fading afterlight
You think of the cold fish in the dark streams
Their yellow bellies darkened by the water
The little bluish folded butterflies
The fox with blinking eyes:
The full and silent night.

II

The crickets and the goldenrod arrive together . . .
To fall asleep on sunken afternoons
Of rain and summer's ebbing in the green rank wood
Or humid summer nights that hum toward autumn now . . .
Red leaves, the sudden smell of fermentation
The leaves are falling in the tennis court
The court is pocked, dull the balls plop
And now the bright the blinding summer sports
The ruddy backs of tan, white shoes, white shorts
Are darkened by the gray air overhead
Among the towering trees that tarnish soon
The depths of chlorophyl so soon to be discolored
The haze of August turned to autumn mists
And sudden pathos twists with the quick wrist
The ball that leaps the backstop to the wood
As if cool drinks at noon were ever true!
As if the cold had ever been to seek!
The cold, the cold again
Alone it makes us speak
With pathos and with pain.

—EDMUND WILSON

• •



GANGER'S attitude toward promoters is contradictory. "You got to be very suspicious of them," he says, "and at the same time, to make a dollar, you got to trust them." There is only one man on his blacklist; this particular promoter is extravagantly irresponsible. Even so, Ganger has a sort of wry admiration for him. "If he had the right

"It certainly will be a relief to get back to the hotel tonight."

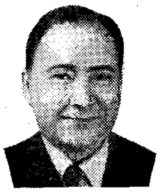
tools," he says, "he would steal the fillings out of your mouth. Last time I let him have a bill of stuff he didn't even open the club. He just moved my property out and sold it to another promoter. Then he tried to tell me a racketeer stole it off him. Not a week later he bounced in my office and said he was willing to let bygones be bygones. 'Look, Arthur,' he said to me, 'I got an idea for a surefire, a place without no licence that runs after four, when the legal joints are shut. Without a licence, you save overhead.' I had to laugh. Such a crook is better than a movie. 'Get outa here,' I said. 'The best I can get from you is the worst of it.' So he sticks one of my competitors. With this boy, it's the principle of the thing; if he isn't stealing something, he feels disgraced."

Conferences between Ganger and a promoter follow a pattern. It takes from eight to fifteen thousand dollars in cash and credit, mostly credit, to open a medium-sized Manhattan night club, and roughly half of the amount will be needed for furnishings. Before calling on Ganger, a typical promoter goes out and sells "pieces" of the proposed establishment; recently the most willing suckers for such investments have been suddenly successful orchestra leaders. The promoter then gets an option on a location and obtains advances from the butcher, the linen-supply man, and the hat-check, cigarette, washroom, and souvenir-doll concessionaires. If he is sufficiently persuasive, he even gets an advance from the man who buys grease from the kitchens of eating places for soapmaking. Then, full of enthusiasm and big talk, he buys a couple of fifty-cent cigars and goes to Ganger's office and asks him to decorate and furnish the joint. "Here, Arthur," he says, "have a cigar." At first Ganger is hostile. "Get out of my sight," he says. "Do me a favor and drop dead." If the promoter, outraged by this treatment, begins shouting, Ganger holds up both hands, palms out. "Don't pressure me," he says wearily. "Anything you might tell me, I heard it all before." Presently, however, he and the promoter tire of insulting each other. Ganger condescends to accept the promoter's cigar and they leave the office and go to a restaurant. They order small steaks and talk business while they eat.

Ganger inexorably worms out of the promoter the names of his backers, the amount they have agreed to invest, the proposed location, and the rent. Frequently the first thing Ganger finds fault with is the location. "After nine o'clock," he will say, "you could shoot a cannon up that street and nobody would get hurt." He takes a list of vacant places out of his wallet and recommends an alternative. The promoter, if he is experienced, willingly takes Ganger's advice. There are close to a hundred Broadway, Fifty-second Street, East Side, Greenwich Village, and Harlem buildings that have housed a succession of night clubs, and Ganger is an authority on the history, the landlords, the disadvantages, and the proper rental of all of them. If he is unfamiliar with a proposed location, he gets into his automobile and goes and looks it over. It is to his advantage, naturally, to see that the promoter gets a good location and a low rent. In night clubs the distance between prosperity and collapse is short—four bad Saturdays in a row will wreck any club in town—and experience has taught him that clubs which open in high-rent locations have a tendency to fold when it comes time to pay rent for the third month, whereas low-rent places may struggle through five or six months. Six months is a good run; only one club in five will last longer than a year. Small, easily crowded places are best. "Nothing is so depressing as a roomy night club," Ganger says. "People want a place where, when they go to cut their steak, they stick their elbow in somebody else's belly."

The location settled, Ganger and the promoter usually get into a dispute over the "policy" of the proposed club; whether, that is, it will be what he calls "a Park Avenue proposition," or a club with a Negro floor show, or a "Latin" club with a rumba band and murals of Morro Castle, or a "Bellevue," which is a Greenwich Village club with screwy decorations. Practically all promoters are plagiarists; if a number of Latin clubs are prosperous at the moment, for example, the promoter invariably wants to open a shameless duplicate of the one doing the most business. Although Ganger has grown halfhearted about it, he always opposes this unoriginality. "Try to think up something different," he begs, "but don't try too hard. Don't scare me." Frequently Ganger is able to supply an appropriate name out of stock. When a once-popular club goes bankrupt he always makes an effort to obtain title to its name. He bought La Conga's name when that club folded in 1938, and sold it last year to the current La Conga. Old names have been advertised, of course, and Ganger believes that this is an asset. He also makes suggestions about the personnel; he knows the frailties of hundreds of doormen, headwaiters, and bartenders. "If the help steals all the dough," he asks the promoter, "where do I come in?"

It takes a series of frenzied conferences to straighten out these matters. Finally, Ganger and the promoter come to terms. Ganger agrees to furnish the equipment—bar, back bar, bar gear, furniture, carpets, bandstand, decorations, and everything that will be needed in the kitchen from stockpot to duck



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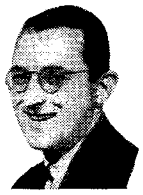

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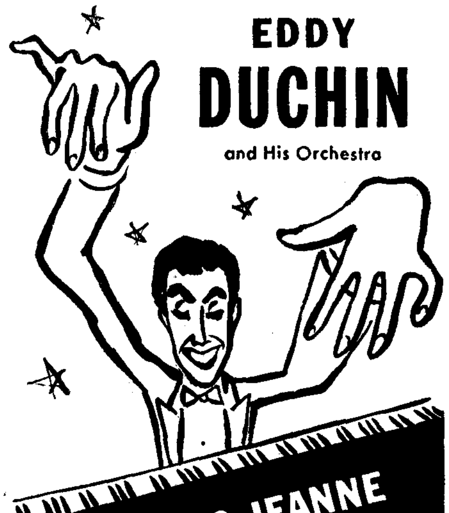
press. The promoter makes a down payment of from twenty to fifty per cent in cash, depending on Ganger's opinion of his honesty, and agrees to clean up the balance with weekly or monthly payments. If it is to be a "Park Avenue" club, Vernon MacFarlane or some other high-priced decorator may be engaged. If not, the job is turned over to one of four draftsmen Ganger has on his staff. This man will design the layout, the murals, the decorations, the electric signs, and something for the customers to steal, such as a fancy swizzle stick or an ashtray with a drinking slogan on it. "You got to give them something cheap to steal," Ganger says, "else they'll steal the knives and forks, and that runs into real money." The murals in a Ganger-designed club may be rather stereotyped, but the bar will certainly be surprising, for Ganger belongs to the speakeasy school of bar design. If he had his way, all bars would look like something else, preferably a yacht, an airplane, or a merry-go-round. He is extremely proud of one he built for a Greek promoter's club in Asbury Park. At first glance this creation seems to be a hundred-foot yacht. It has a smokestack which emits dry-ice smoke, and water circulates in a trough beneath the footrail.

EVERY weekday night, Ganger visits his five or six clubs and saloons, collecting installments due on equipment and "keeping an eye on conditions," and says that he probably sees more night life than any other person in the city. He long ago found that the best time to make collections is after midnight, when proprietors cannot plead that there is no cash in their tills. Because of this, his home life suffers. "I am not dumb enough to enjoy helling around," he says, "and if I wasn't a dealer in second-hand hot spots, I'd stay home every night in the year." He lives in an apartment house at 111th Street and Broadway. Most evenings he manages to get home from the office around eight. He plays with his twins for half an hour, eats dinner, and then stretches out on a sofa. After reading the gossip columns in the afternoon papers, he takes a nap. Around ten-thirty, Mrs. Ganger wakes him, and he gets up in a bad humor and goes off on his nightly round, usually returning between three and four in the morning. Mrs. Ganger sometimes accompanies him to openings of clubs. On these occasions he drinks champagne and becomes comparatively gay. If he has to go alone to an opening, he chooses an obscure table, drinks black



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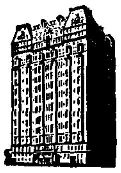

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Dr. I. Q. IN PERSON EVERY MONDAY NIGHT

coffee, and glumly watches the proceedings, speculating on how long the club will last. Most night-club entertainment leaves him cold. His favorite performer is Eddie Leonard, the old minstrel-show singer, who wrote "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider." He does not leave his apartment on Sundays. He sleeps until noon and spends the rest of the day listening to the radio and reading the real-estate and theatrical sections of the *Times* and *Herald Tribune*.

On evenings when he is too busy to go home, Ganger always has dinner in a restaurant called the Bird in Hand, which he owns. He opened this place in 1936, just to prove a point. He had tried to give several skeptical promoters an idea for a fried-chicken restaurant. "All you need is the name, the Bird in Hand," he told them. "It's just dopey enough to be a click name. People like to eat fried chicken with their hands. Also, it gets over the idea a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Finally he leased a store at 711 Seventh Avenue, moved in some of his second-hand equipment, and tried the idea; the restaurant has prospered ever since. Now, when one of these promoters comes to him with an idea for a new club, he shrugs his shoulders and says, "Get out of here. Wasn't you the genius that turned down the Bird in Hand when I tried to give it away?" Like most businessmen, he is happiest when offering advice. Recently, without much success, he has been advising promoters to open honky-tonks and make them as raucous as possible. "There is too damned much chichi in the night-club business," he says. "Society-girl singers and that stuff is O.K. for peacetime, but wars and honky-tonks go together." He is convinced that many clubs flopped last season simply because the promoters tried to be too "la-di-da." Nothing so beneficial can happen to a new club, he thinks, as a scandalous fist fight on the dance floor or a hair-pulling affray between two prominent glamour girls. One night not long ago he saw a headwaiter calm down a sodden movie actress who was trying to pick a fight with an equally offensive débutante. He took the headwaiter aside and said, reproachfully, "My friend, when you do things like that you are cutting your own throat." —Joseph Mitchell

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[Headlines in the San Francisco Chronicle]

MISS FRANCES WOODHEAD IS ENGAGED
HER GRANDFATHER WAS BRILLIANT

SAVE 32% ON SPECIAL INAUGURAL RATES!

STRATO-CLIPPER CRUISES TO RIO

ARRIVE IN 2 DAYS, 7 HOURS FROM U.S.A.
Cruises Start Oct. 2nd
Tickets Now On Sale

All Expense Cruises . . 11 to 25 Days . . from $650 first class, everything included . . a saving of over $250! This special inaugural rate is for a limited time only.

Take advantage of the amazing low rates which inaugurate Pan American's Strato-Clipper cruises to Rio starting Oct. 2. Never before have you been offered so much in South American air travel for so little!

Imagine the thrills of this trip! Arrive in Rio in less than 2½ days with ample time to see the sights, the life and the beauty of the "Paris of the Western World". En route you spend the night at San Juan, Puerto Rico; or Port of Spain, Trinidad; and Belem, Brazil, at the mouth of the Amazon. Generous return limits, interesting tour extensions. Start planning your trip now. Inaugural rate to Dec. 31 only.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT WITHOUT DELAY

A Travel Bargain—11 day cruises, $650; 18 days, $750; 25 days, $795, from Miami. These rates include everything: Fare from Miami to Rio and return; de luxe hotels; meals; tips; sight-seeing, private cars, English-speaking guide.

Fly in Daylight Only—Part of a day and each night in a colorful, interesting port en route.

Luxury Strato-Clippers—with comfort of 20 passengers on regular 33-passenger ships.

Businessmen's Opportunity—Compared to regular round trip rates, you get your hotels, meals, etc., in Rio free . . . and you save on the fare, too!

THREE FLIGHTS EVERY WEEK

"LESS TIME ON THE WAY—MORE TIME FOR REST AND PLAY"

Travel
PAA PAN AMERICAN
AIRWAYS SYSTEM

THE THEATRE

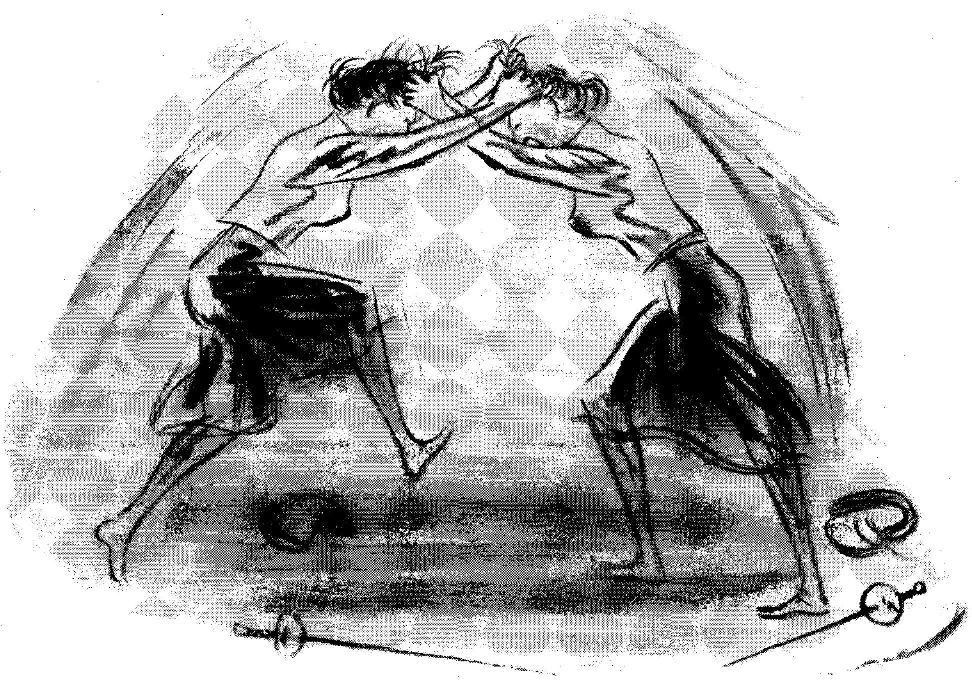
WE KNOW YOU, AL

"HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS," at the Shubert, owes most of its success to two very fascinating personalities. There is a man in it named Jolson, but his name, as Ernest Hemingway remarked about the heroine of "The Fifth Column," might also have been Nostalgia, and there is a girl called Martha Raye, whose strength is as the strength of ten, if not fifteen or twenty. On the whole, Mr. Jolson's contribution seemed to me more valuable than Miss Raye's, though certainly not as gymnastic. He sings a lot of the old songs in the old way—I was shocked to see a young woman who had obviously never heard Mr. Jolson deliver "Sonny Boy" before in her life laughing her head off over this tragic and beautiful lament—and he sings quite a few *new* songs in the old way, too; from time to time he touches casually on some of the difficulties of his private life, concerned principally with matrimony and race horses; and always he remains the same old Jolson who sang "Mammy" and "April Showers" to a generation now hopelessly lost without its bifocals. To all those whose memories go back to the innocent old days of Matt Winkle's and the Plaza Grill, the sight of Mr. Jolson getting down on one knee to announce that his heartstrings are tangled around Alabamy is a tremendous, though melancholy, experience.

Miss Raye is a somewhat different proposition. She is a muscular girl, with a wide, determined face, and there often seemed to me a good chance that some of Mr. Shubert's handsome and delicate chorus boys might get hurt if they tried any of their smooth tricks on her. Miss Raye is almost perfectly equipped for the rough work she has chosen to adopt and I admire her, but I have to admit that there were times when I found her a little wearing.

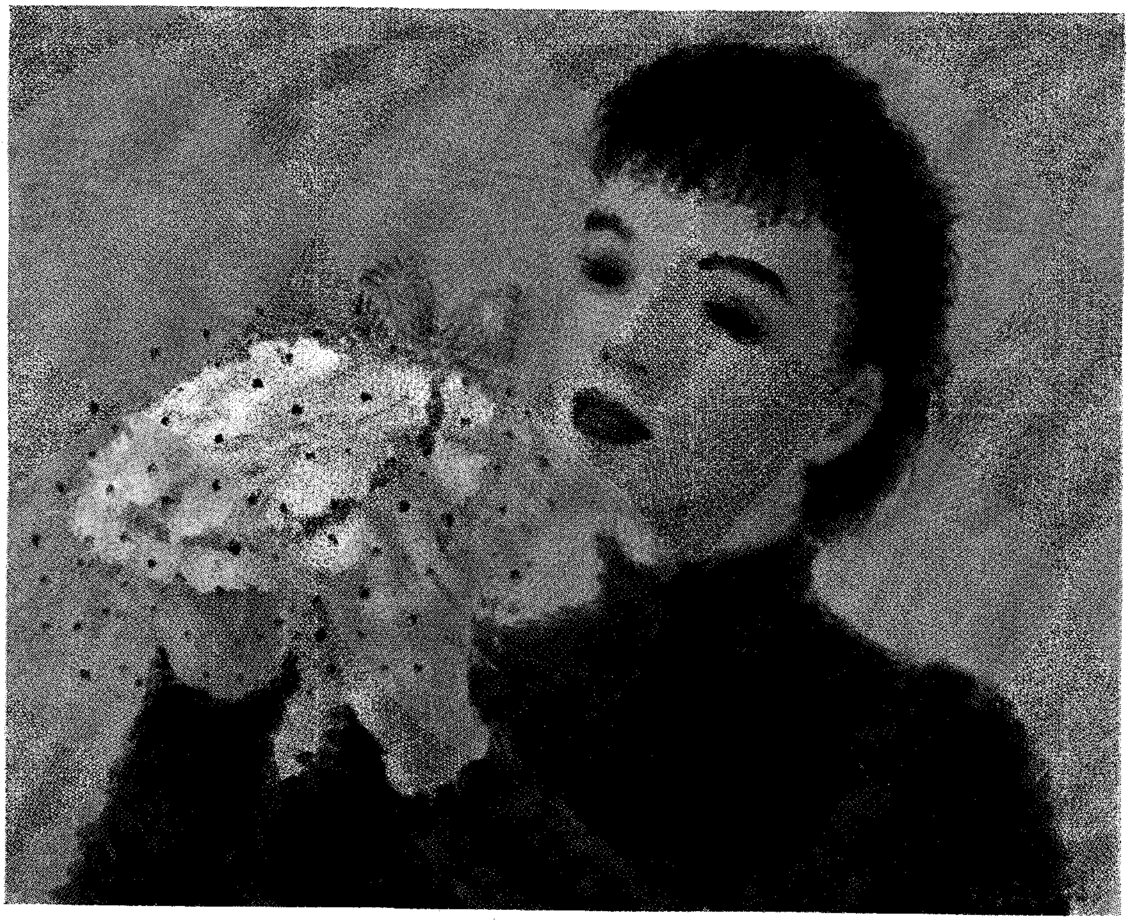
The plot of "Hold On to Your Hats" has something to do with a radio cowboy who goes out to a dude ranch to capture a bandit, and is, I'm sure, no more foolish than most musical-comedy books and a lot better than some. The songs, by E. Y. Harburg and Burton Lane, are pretty and cheerful, though possibly a little on the elementary side. In addition to Miss Raye and Mr. Jolson, you will see Jack Whiting, conservatively advertised in the program as "the perpetual singing juvenile;" Eunice Healey; Arnold Moss; Gil Lamb; and Bert Gordon, who struck me as a funnier Jewish Indian than Willie Howard, though this may be hard to believe.

GENERALLY speaking, a medical novel or play is as formalized as a wrestling match, being in the bag for the pure in heart right from the start. There is usually an untidy young man whose life is dedicated to his test tubes; he has temptations in the form of young women who try to lull him to sleep with love and other diversions, and commercial exploiters who are prepared to make him rich if he will allow them to advertise his miracles in the subway. For a while it always looks as though he were going to sell himself down the river for a lousy million dollars and an entry in the *Social Register*, but this never happens. In the end you will find him renouncing everything and going off into the jungle, where beautiful women and the Rockefeller Foundation can't get at him. This is the pattern, and if it isn't typical of your own experience with the profession, it probably simply means that you have been going to the wrong doctors. The latest authority to produce his version of this occupational saga is Dr. A. J. Cronin, who had previously laid the groundwork in a novel called "The Citadel," which might be described as "Arrowsmith" with chocolate-marshmallow sauce.



Dr. Cronin's play has been christened "Jupiter Laughs" for no reason I can figure out, and except for a few details, it clings to the formula. It is not necessary for the hero to renounce the girl, a medical missionary of singularly glum design, as she is blown up when a sedative explodes, if I grasped the situation correctly, and there is some irrelevant material about a hospital matron who wants to turn his laboratory into a sitting room for her own use, but otherwise there is nothing for which you have not been prepared by Mary Roberts Rinehart, if not by life. Young Dr. Venner is always playing Chopin's B-flat-minor Sonata, Opus 35, on the phonograph, because it helps him to "forget the futile tragedy of existence," and this strange remark is typical of practically all the conversation among the educated sawbones at the Hopewell Sanitarium. The cast at the Biltmore includes Alexander Knox, Reginald Mason, Nancy Sheridan, and Jessica Tandy, who, as previously noted, goes off with a bang in the second act. Aesculapius probably got a chuckle out of *that* himself.

AFTER an hour and a quarter of "Sim Sala Bim," at the Morosco, my curiosity, never especially intense, about how a chorus girl may be spirited from one big wooden box to another was appeased to a reasonable extent, so I went home. The magician, who calls himself Dante, can also get ducks out of silk hats, beer out of empty kegs, and play-



PAINTING BY DIETZ EDZARD, FROM THE DE BEERS' COLLECTION

BY LOVE IMMORTALIZED

Her little hat, her finger-molded glove — all of the possessions of his beloved take on, for the young lover, a special significance. To his surprise, it will not vanish through the years.

. . . Do you remember that crisp green *primavera* frock you wore? Where is that little muff you pinned my violets on? . . . he'll say. And she will smile. . . .

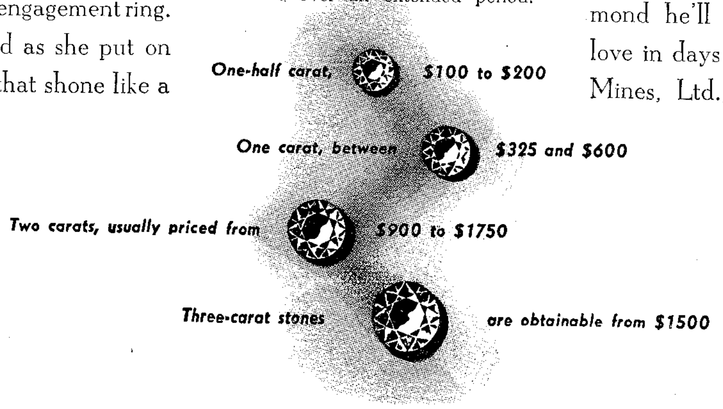
Thus wistfully, and with some fear, each man learns for himself how perishable — and precious — are the wares in which beloved women deal. That is when he first appreciates fully the meaning of his engagement ring.

The diamond that flashed as she put on the quaint, ridiculous hat—that shone like a dewdrop in the folds of that fresh young gown—that starred the muff and marked the glove—will blaze in glory long, forever, after these ephemeral things are gone.

Saying to his sons, and his sons' sons, how fair he found this woman — and how sweet.

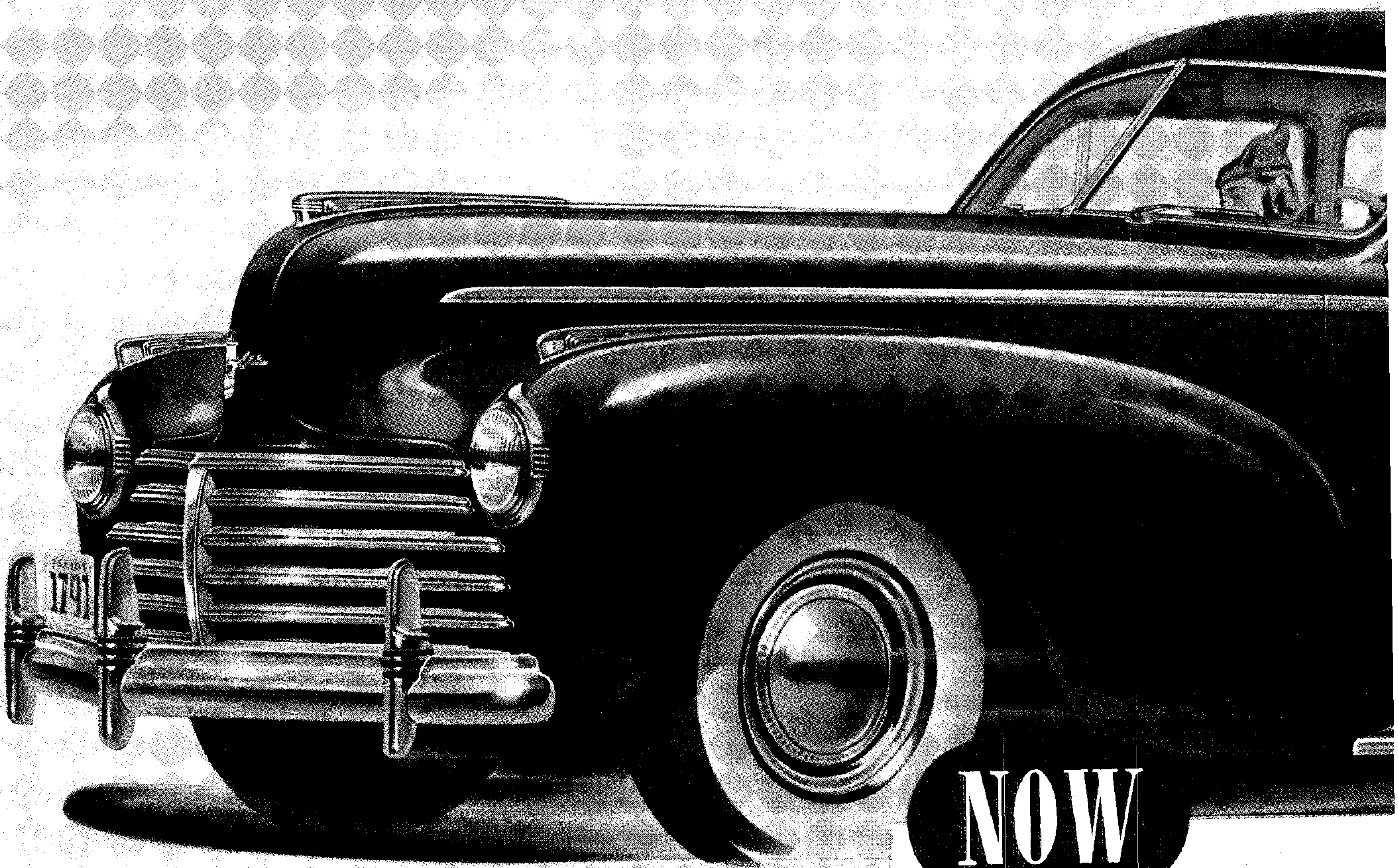
A trusted jeweler, well acquainted with such stones, should be his adviser in the selection of this perpetual token of his choice. Not only size, but color, fine cut, and absence of imperfections should be his standards. For in the brilliant, immortal fire of their diamond he'll find the perpetuation of their love in days to be. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and Associated Companies.

- Current Prices of Unmounted Quality Diamonds. (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) Size alone does not determine values. Purity, color and excellence of cutting affect the price. Many fine jewelers will arrange payments for diamonds over an extended period.


One-half carat, $100 to $200
One carat, between $325 and $600
Two carats, usually priced from $900 to $1750
Three-carat stones are obtainable from $1500

For

A New MORE BE



NOW *Fluid*

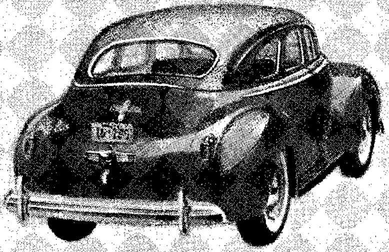
WITH AUTOMATIC

FOR 1941, Chrysler combines *Fluid Drive* with new Automatic Safety Control! About all there is for the driver to do is to steer and apply brakes and throttle!

Jerks and labors of gear shifting become a mere memory. The car takes off with the smoothness of a liner...suits its gear ratios to every normal driving condition...floats effortlessly along... but is always under positive control. It automatically protects you in traffic, on hills, on slippery roads.

Fluid Drive is smooth as oil because it literally *is* a drive through oil...no metal-to-metal connection between engine and rear wheels. Introduced by Chrysler in

Wider, Lower, space-flared bodies ... 5-foot cushions ... Added elbow room!



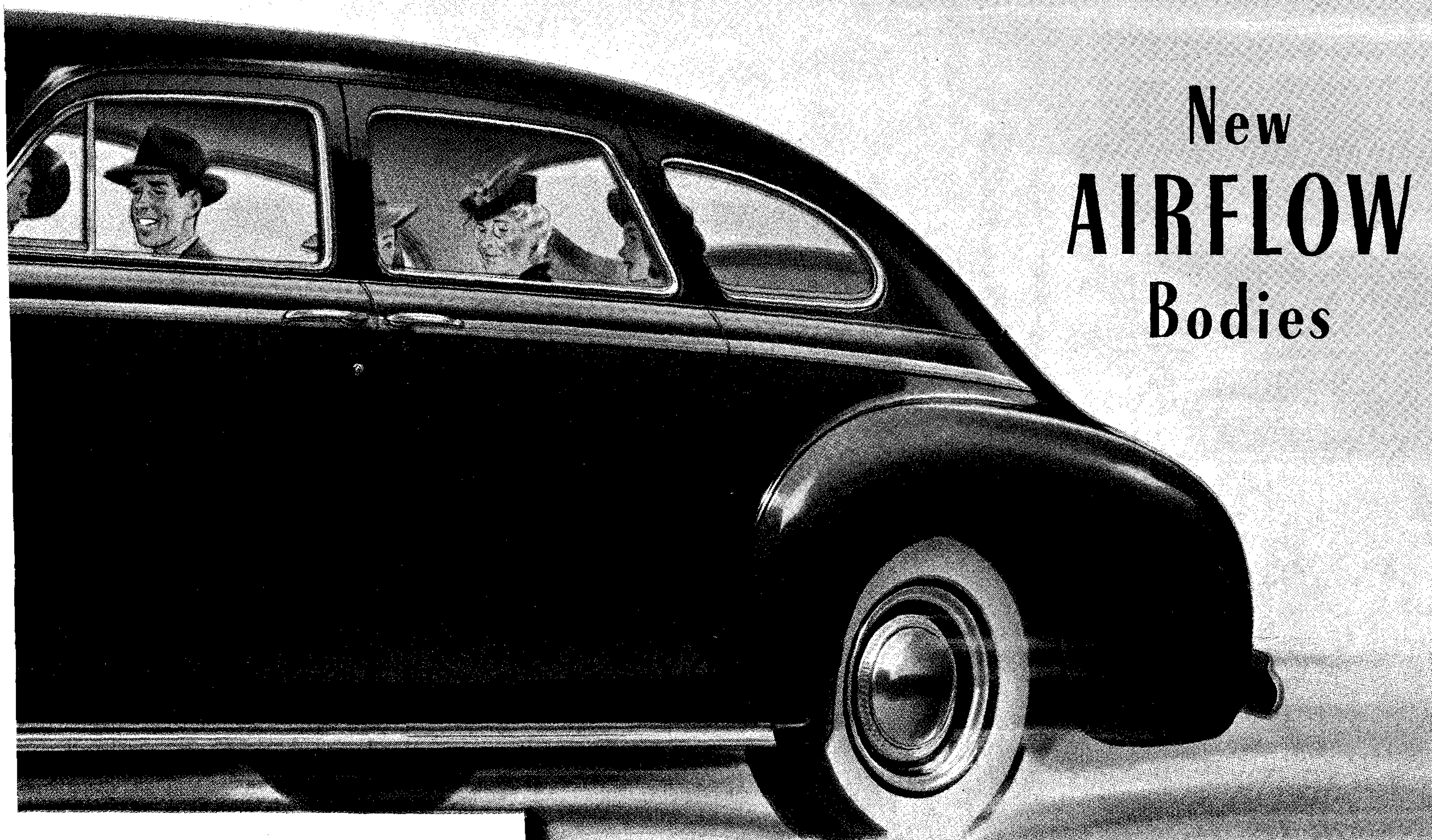
New Airflow bodies ... wider ... lower! New radiator design ... simple, massive, commanding! New, longer hood! New sharp backward rake to the windshield which has 676 sq. inches of glass area ... thinner door posts ... bigger curved rear window ... the unbroken vision of an observation car! Bodies belled out at the window line ... for beauty, for room! Lines all sweeping back to a new and graceful rear ... large luggage locker.

The last word in roominess ... any more would seem a waste! Five-foot cushions ... extra elbow room ... doors wider than most house doors ... extra leg room. Lower center of gravity ... lower roof ... lower floor. Lower, stronger, double-channel, welded frame with new hydraulic shock absorbers provides a still safer Floating Ride.

The nation which acclaimed the beauty of the 1940 Chryslers will vote the brilliant 1941 beauties the smartest Chryslers in history!

1941

AUTIFUL *Chrysler*



New
AIRFLOW
Bodies

Drive

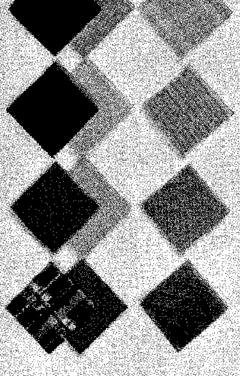
SAFETY CONTROL

1938 it has behind it millions of miles and many thousands of delighted owners!

No words can describe the amazing sensation of riding in the 1941 Chryslers! With *Fluid Drive*...with Automatic Safety Control...with 108 and 135 horsepower engines that have all vital metal parts Superfinished so you may drive as you desire from the first mile...with dozens of other new evidences of Chrysler engineering leadership...they provide literally a brand new motoring experience.

Fluid Drive with Automatic Safety Control is available on all 1941 Chryslers, optional on some.

Tailored to Taste! **Individualized interiors ... Richer fabrics ... Harmonizing plastics!**

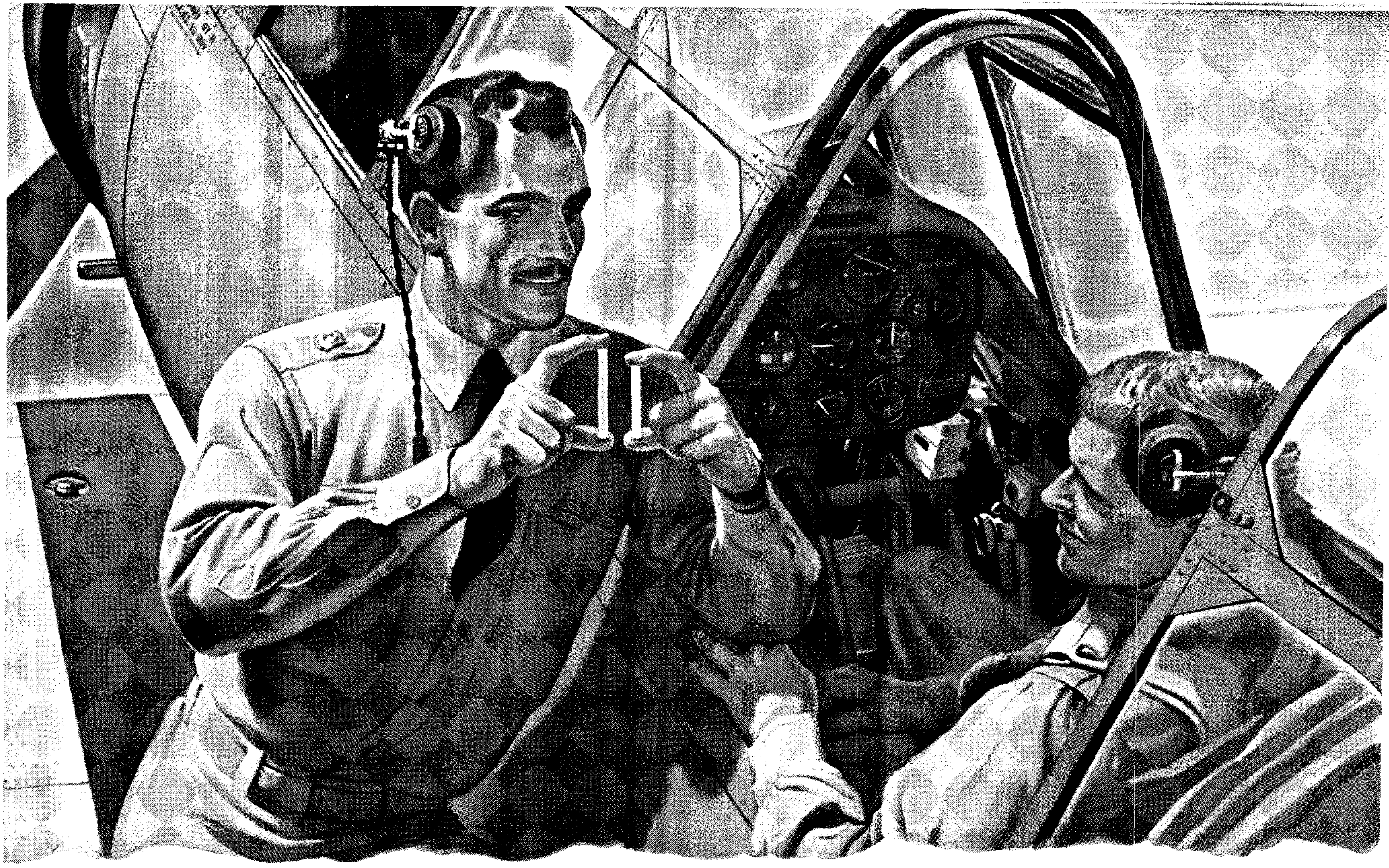


Inside and out, the 1941 Chryslers are a symphony of color...and *tailored to your taste!* Everything related to the color scheme of your choice...the exquisite new instrument panels inset with colorful new plastic...matching plastic door panels! Upholstery fabrics to suit your individual taste in color and texture!

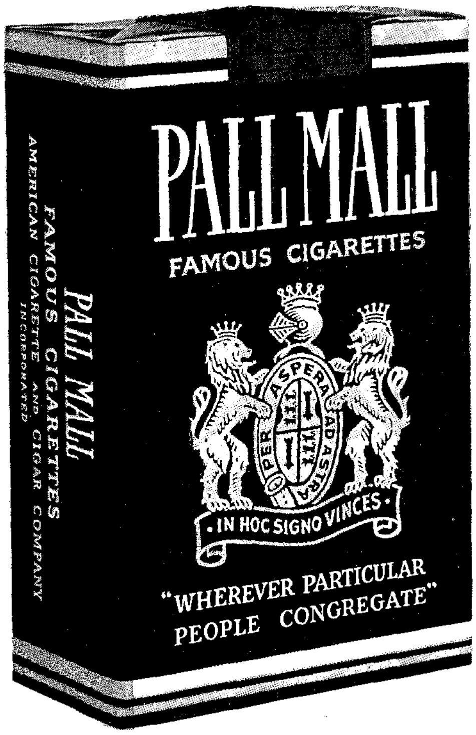
A wide selection of rich broadcloths, pile fabrics, Bedford cords, novel new materials...harmonizing two-tones and beautiful leathers. Never before, except at a custom coach-builder's have you had such an opportunity to select a car to suit *your* taste, *your* preference, *your* individuality.

Beneath those deep, wider seats, the softest Airfoam! The button-tufted upholstery is real, not just ornamental. Every fitting bespeaks real quality! Never before has so much sheer quality been built into cars of moderate price. Your Chrysler dealer invites you to see for yourself!

Be Modern - **BUY CHRYSLER!**



Compare Pall Mall with your old cigarette


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
INCORPORATED

. . . FOR GENEROSITY

Place a Pall Mall beside your old cigarette. The difference in value is startling. Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer.

And this longer cigarette brings you not only more tobacco, but the finest tobacco money can buy.

Moreover, you receive a definite service, too.

For the additional length travels the smoke further, giving you a noticeably cooler cigarette.

. . . FOR SMOOTHNESS

The rich smoothness of Pall Mall is the result of re-discovering the almost lost art of BULKING—an old-fashioned, slow, deliberate method for mellowing fine tobaccos.

In BULKING, an unhurried miracle of nature transpires; harsh qualities grow mild, delicate aromas merge, permeating every shred of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos. The result is a mellower, really smoother smoke.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!

PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

You'll see this better cigarette

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Copyright 1940, American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

ing cards out of the air. He appears to be an agreeable and talented man, but there is too much of him.

IN spite of a few changes in the cast and a revision at the end of the second act which struck me as unfortunate, "Kind Lady," at the Playhouse, remains one of the best melodramas I have ever seen. Miss Grace George, who has been tortured by her villainous associates in practically every theatre between Maine and California, still seems as helplessly terrified by them as she was in the beginning. For that matter, so am I.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

UNITED WE SIT

In an era
    Long since dead,
Man was here, a
    Quadruped.

Spry enough on
    His all fours,
He was rough on
    Dinosaurs.

He got good and
    Sore and gripèd,
So he stood and
    Was a biped,

Trained his grimy,
    Clumsy hand.
All the time he
    Had to stand.

Now he drinks from
    Wisdom's cup,
But he shrinks from
    Standing up.

Rodin's "Penseur"
    Sits and broods;
He's the sponsor
    For our moods.

We inherit
    Reason's crown,
But we wear it
    Sitting down.

—MORRIS BISHOP

•

Her name suits her perfectly—Lorraine. Even her speech is unique, sometimes unintelligible to the uninitiated. She likes to spell out the crucial word in a sentence. "All I want is just to be G—A—Y!"—*From an article in Harper's Bazaar.*

It would certainly pay to be one of the initiated.

In Friendship's Garden

Heliotrope betokens Admiration ◆ *Primrose betokens Early Youth* ◆ *Jasmine betokens Amiability* ◆ *Violet betokens Modesty*

Dusting Powder, ONE DOLLAR

Taleum, FIFTY CENTS ◆ *Toilet Water,* ONE DOLLAR

EARLY AMERICAN

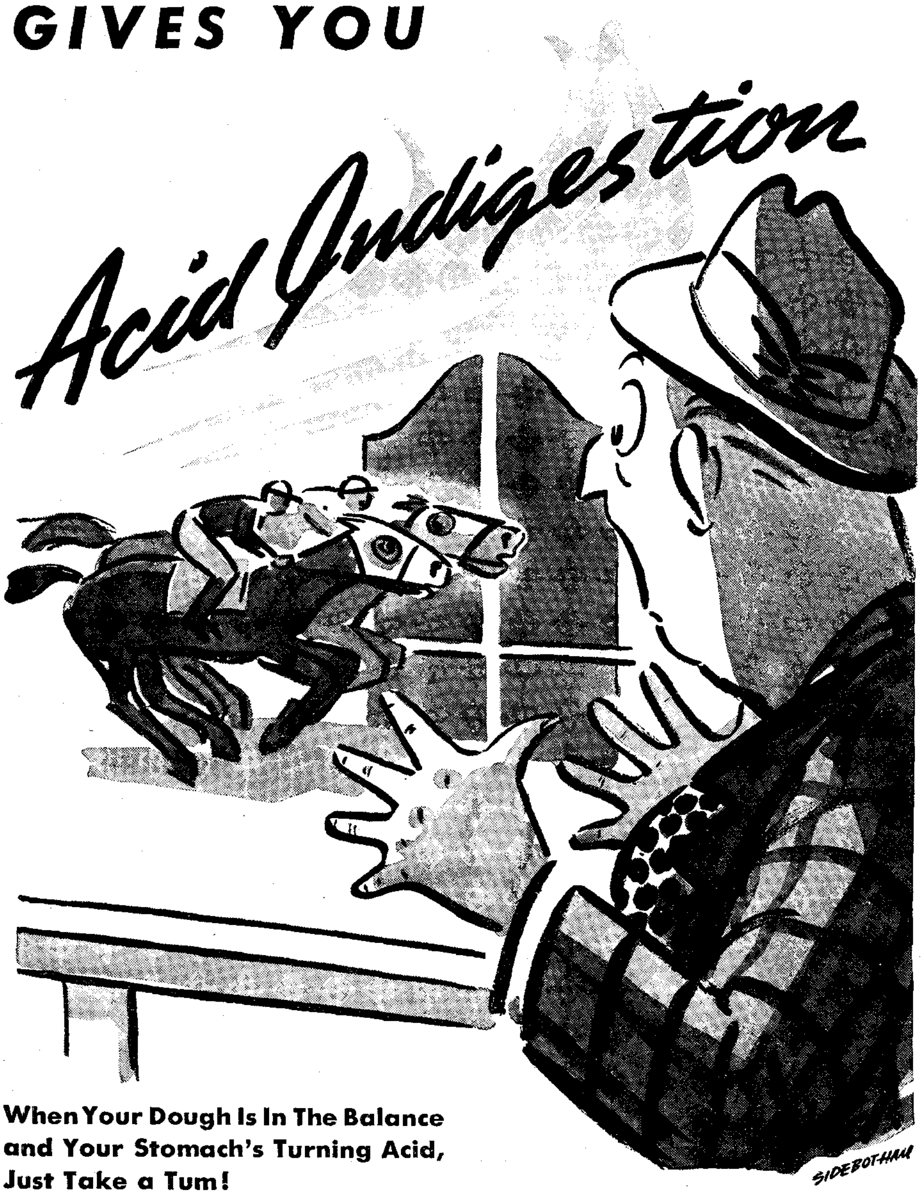
*Friendship's Garden**

A COMPANION FRAGRANCE TO OLD SPICE

A SHULTON ORIGINAL

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, Inc., 5th Ave., N. Y. C. • Hoboken, N. J.

WHEN A PHOTO FINISH GIVES YOU



When Your Dough Is In The Balance and Your Stomach's Turning Acid, Just Take a Tum!

When your roll is at stake, just reach for a roll of Tums!

Tums quickly relieve the acid-stomach and the acid-indigestion that critical moments bring on. It may be a photo-finish decision at the race track—it may be a jury's verdict in court—it may be popping the question to your girl—whenever tense nerves cause acid-indigestion, always take a Tum or two.

Tums quickly neutralize the excess acid in the stomach. They quickly relieve the heartburn, sourness and fullness. They make your tummy smile again.

You probably have never seen an antacid work so fast and decisively as Tums, yet Tums contain no bicarbonate of soda. They do their work in another way entirely.

Tums are always convenient and pleasant to take. Just slip in your mouth as you would candy mints. Get Tums today and see what real relief for acid-indigestion distress is!

THREE ROLLS TUMS WITH SANITARY CARRIER
25¢
TUMS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
Carminative-Antacid for
FUSSY STOMACH
DUE TO HYPERACIDITY
℞ Calcium Carbonate Prec., Magnesium Carbonate, Magnesia Trisilicate, Oil Peppermint, Sugar.
10¢

AT ALL DRUG STORES

10¢ A ROLL

or a 3-roll package for 25¢. With the 3-roll package you get a handsome metal carrier which prevents Tums from absorbing foreign odors and tastes.

TUMS

QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID-INDIGESTION

[Listen To Sensational Tums Pot O' Gold Thurs. Night 8:30, W J Z and Blue Network]

OF ALL THINGS

We were not told last week how seriously London had been damaged by the Nazi air raids. All we really knew was that the Union Jack was still flying and, what was even more important, so was the R.A.F.

•

The Italian invasion of Egypt lacked the element of surprise. The British had been expecting this to happen ever since Mussolini promised that it would not.

•

A recent radio speech by Mayor LaGuardia was regarded as an indication that he would seek re-election next year. He also favors a third term for Roosevelt and a second term for Willkie as president of Commonwealth & Southern.

•

Governors of the Stock Exchange voted down a suggestion that trading time be extended to four o'clock. Even by three, the brokers are tired of each other's society.

•

The Republican congressmen voted against the conscription bill by about two to one. In the hour of their nation's need, they were more scared of the voters than they were of Hitler.

•

New York boys will hold a convention at the World's Fair and select "the President of 1976." The assumption is that Mr. Roosevelt will not be a candidate for a twelfth term.

•

As a free-press fan, we deplore the city government's drive on lurid magazines. We hold that the citizen has an inalienable right to curl up with a copy of *True Detective Love Confessions.*

•

New York schools have stopped wasting the taxpayers' money on maps. Geography is now portrayed on the blackboard, and is served to the kiddies fresh every hour.

•

Chemists have discovered a simple process for making coal and oil out of grass. Someday all nations will grow their own fuel instead of stealing it from the neighbors.

•

Congress is nearing the end of its chores. It will soon take a recess, and then come back to vote a three-ocean navy. —Howard Brubaker

LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 14 (BY CABLE)

FOR Londoners, there are no longer such things as good nights; there are only bad nights, worse nights, and better nights. Hardly anyone has slept at all in the past week. The sirens go off at approximately the same time every evening, and in the poorer districts, queues of people carrying blankets, thermos flasks, and babies begin to form quite early outside the air-raid shelters. The *Blitzkrieg* continues to be directed against such military objectives as the tired shopgirl, the red-eyed clerk, and the thousands of dazed and weary families patiently trundling their few belongings in perambulators away from the wreckage of their homes. After a few of these nights, sleep of a kind comes from complete exhaustion. The amazing part of it is the cheerfulness and fortitude with which ordinary individuals are doing their jobs under nerve-racking conditions. Girls who have taken twice the usual time to get to work look worn when they arrive, but their faces are nicely made up and they bring you a cup of tea or sell you a hat as chirpily as ever. Little shopkeepers whose windows have been blown out paste up "Business as usual" stickers and exchange cracks with their customers.

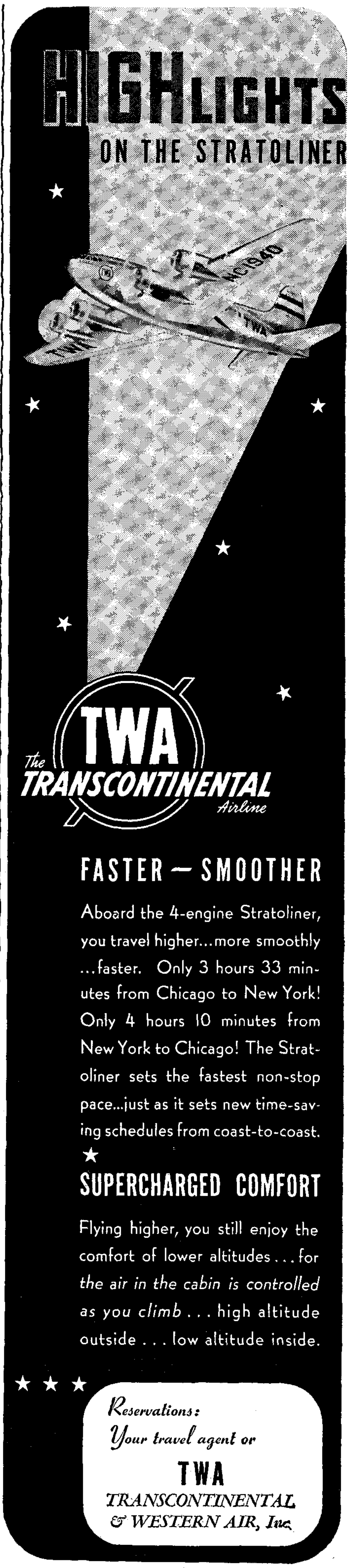
On all sides, one hears the grim phrase "We shall get used to it." Everyone takes for granted that the program of wanton destruction, far from letting up, will be intensified when bad weather sets in and makes anything like accuracy in bombing impossible. Although people imagined early in the war that vicious bombardments would be followed by the panic-stricken departure of everybody who could leave the city, outward-going traffic on one of the major roads from London was only normal on the day after the worst of the raids. The government, however, has announced new plans for the evacuation of children who were not sent away under former schemes or whose mothers last week had the unhappy inspiration to bring them back to town for a holiday at home.

The East End suffered most in the night raids this week. Social workers who may have piously wished that slum areas could be razed had their wish horribly fulfilled when rows of mean dwellings were turned into shambles overnight. The Nazi attack bore down heaviest on badly nourished, poorly clothed people—the worst equipped of any to stand the appalling physical strain, if it were not for the stoutness of their cockney hearts. Relief workers sorted them out in schools and other centres to be fed, rested, and provided with billets. Subsequent raids killed many of the homeless as they waited.

The bombers, however, made no discrimination between the lowest and the highest homes in the city. The Queen was photographed against much the same sort of tangle of splintered wreckage that faced hundreds of humbler, anonymous housewives in this week's bitter dawns. The crowd that gathered outside Buckingham Palace the morning after the picture was published had come, it appeared on close inspection, less to gape at boarded windows than to listen to the cheering notes of the band, which tootled away imperturbably at the cherished ceremony of the Changing of the Guard. This was before the deliberate second try for the Palace, which has made people furious, but has also cheered them with the thought that the King and Queen are facing risks that are now common to all.

BROKEN windows are no longer a novelty in the West End, though the damage there so far has been slight. In getting about, one first learns that a bomb has fallen near at hand by coming upon barriers across roads and encountering policemen who point to yellow tin signs which read simply "Diversion," as though the blockage had been caused by workmen peacefully taking up drains ahead. The "diversion" in Regent Street, where a bomb fell just outside the Café Royal and did not explode for hours, cut off the surrounding streets and made the neighborhood as quiet as a hamlet. Crowds collected behind the ropes to gaze respectfully at the experts, who stood looking down into the crater and chatting as nonchalantly as plumbers discussing the best way of fixing a leaking tap. Police went around getting occupants out of the buildings in the vicinity and warning them to leave their windows open, but even with this precaution, when the bomb finally went off that evening there were not many panes of glass left.

The scene next morning was quite extraordinarily eerie. The great sweep of Regent Street, deserted by everyone except police and salvage workers, stared gauntly like a thoroughfare in a dead



HIGHLIGHTS ON THE STRATOLINER

The TWA TRANSCONTINENTAL Airline

FASTER—SMOOTHER

Aboard the 4-engine Stratoliner, you travel higher...more smoothly ...faster. Only 3 hours 33 minutes from Chicago to New York! Only 4 hours 10 minutes from New York to Chicago! The Stratoliner sets the fastest non-stop pace...just as it sets new time-saving schedules from coast-to-coast.

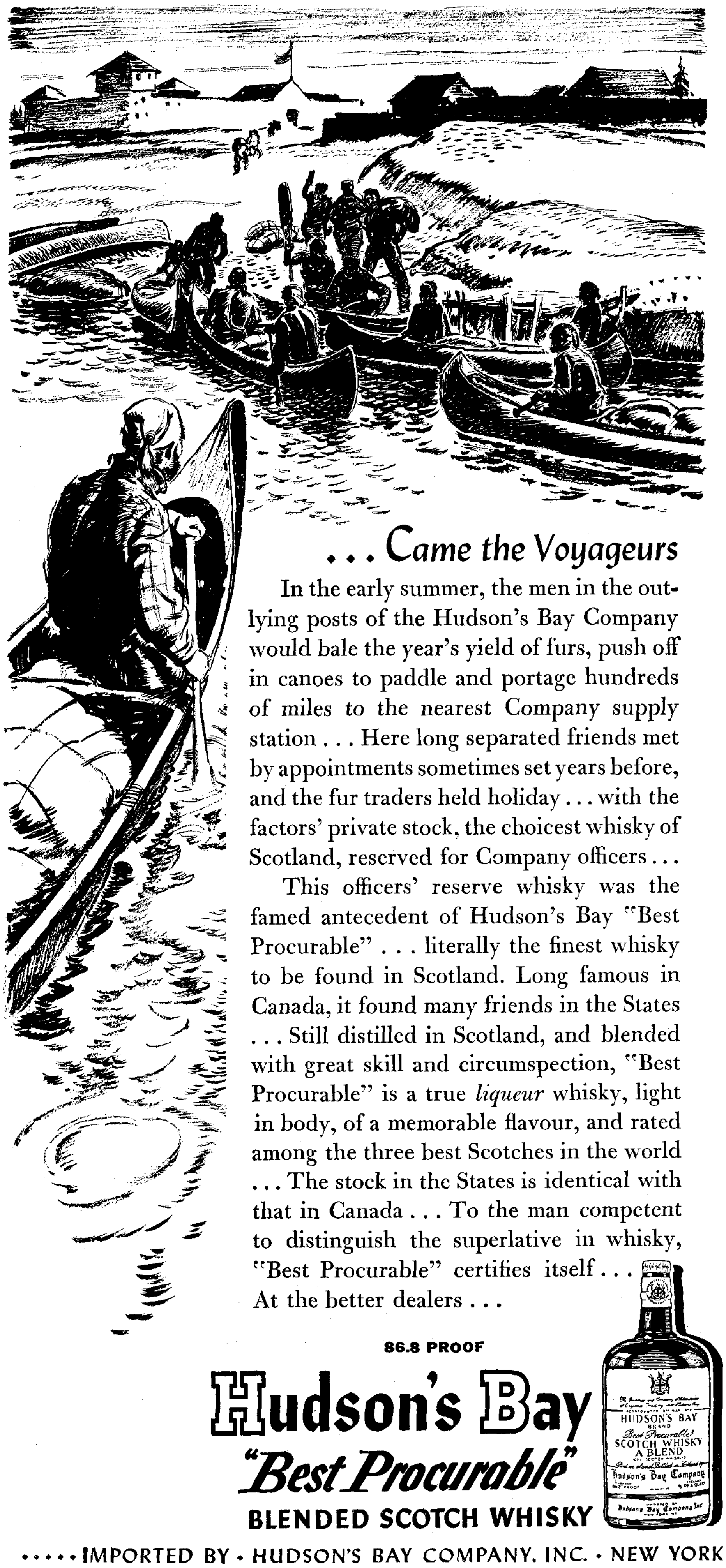
★

SUPERCHARGED COMFORT

Flying higher, you still enjoy the comfort of lower altitudes . . . for *the air in the cabin is controlled as you climb* . . . high altitude outside . . . low altitude inside.

★ ★ ★

Reservations:
Your travel agent or
TWA
TRANSCONTINENTAL & WESTERN AIR, Inc.



. . . Came the Voyageurs

In the early summer, the men in the outlying posts of the Hudson's Bay Company would bale the year's yield of furs, push off in canoes to paddle and portage hundreds of miles to the nearest Company supply station . . . Here long separated friends met by appointments sometimes set years before, and the fur traders held holiday . . . with the factors' private stock, the choicest whisky of Scotland, reserved for Company officers . . .

This officers' reserve whisky was the famed antecedent of Hudson's Bay "Best Procurable" . . . literally the finest whisky to be found in Scotland. Long famous in Canada, it found many friends in the States . . . Still distilled in Scotland, and blended with great skill and circumspection, "Best Procurable" is a true *liqueur* whisky, light in body, of a memorable flavour, and rated among the three best Scotches in the world . . . The stock in the States is identical with that in Canada . . . To the man competent to distinguish the superlative in whisky, "Best Procurable" certifies itself . . . At the better dealers . . .

86.8 PROOF

Hudson's Bay

"Best Procurable"

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

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city. It would have been no surprise to see grass growing up out of the pavements, which were covered instead with a fine, frosty glitter of powdered glass. The noise of glass being hammered out of upper windows, swept into piles at street corners, and shovelled into municipal dust vans made a curious grinding tinkle which went on most of the day. The happiest people there were two little boys who had discovered a sweet shop where most of the window display had been blown into the gutter, and who were doing a fine looting job among the debris. Around the corner, the florid façade of Burlington Arcade had been hit at one end, and an anxious jeweller was helping in the work of salvaging his precious stock from the heap of junk that a short while before had been a double row of luxury shops. Scenes like these are new enough to seem both shocking and unreal; to come across a wrecked filling station with a couple of riddled cars standing dejectedly by its smashed pumps makes one feel that one must have strayed onto a Hollywood set, and it's good to get back to normality among the still snug houses in the next street.

WEDNESDAY night's terrific, new-style anti-aircraft barrage reassured people, after scaring them badly. A.R.P. workers, who have been heroic all the week, were told to warn as many as possible that something special and noisy was going to be tried out that evening, but all over town persons who hadn't been tipped off thought that the really terrifying din was a particularly fierce bombardment. Houses shuddered unceasingly until the all-clear sounded in the dawn, when everyone felt better because, although Londoners had had a bad night, the raiders must have had a worse one. The behavior of all classes is so magnificent that no observer here could ever imagine these people following the French into captivity. As for breaking civilian morale, the high explosives that rained death and destruction on the capital this week were futile.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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THROUGH 18 STATES

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TO COVER MIDDLE AND FAR WEST;
TO BEGIN DRIVE IN MID-NOVEMBER

—*Headlines in the Boise (Idaho) Daily Statesman.*

When the situation will be less clouded.

THE RACE TRACK

Refugees from and at Aqueduct

THERE was prissiness, and a touch of the old political shake, in the barring of a lot of former bookmakers and their outside men from Aqueduct last week. It wasn't the important former bookmakers who were barred, of course—only the little fellows. I don't believe there is half the surreptitious betting going on at the tracks that people fancy there is, and the flamboyant piety and to-do over the state's losing its tithe strikes me as boring. Wagers are made outside the tote, to be sure, but most of the money finds its way sooner or later into the pari-mutuel machines. For example, the day Bimelech ran for the Withers Stakes at Belmont Park in May, a high-rolling horseplayer bet $10,000 on him with a former clubhouse commissioner, who offered better odds than the player thought he'd get in the tote. At the last moment, the commissioner also decided that Bimelech was a real good thing, and bet $12,000 on him in the tote—the additional $2,000 being to offset what he stood to lose on the original wager. As you remember, Bimelech was beaten. There's no moral to the anecdote, except that the tote gets it all in the end.

NOT the least interesting refugee from abroad at Aqueduct last week was Foxbrough, who raced for William Woodward in England a couple of years ago. As a two-year-old, Foxbrough, who is a brother of Gallant Fox and Fighting Fox, won the Middle Park Stakes at Newmarket, which corresponds in importance to The Futurity at Belmont Park, and at the end of the season he was put, with a weight of 133 pounds, at the top of the Free Handicap, a semi-official list by which young British horses are rated. That winter, Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who trained him, fancied him for the Derby Stakes, but the colt didn't thrive in the spring, and didn't even start in the race, which was won by Blue Peter, who had finished second in the Middle Park Stakes. Foxbrough is a strapping bay colt, with a perfectly tremendous stride—just the type for a jumper—but beyond this I haven't found a great deal about him to get excited over. He finished a close-up fourth to Inscoelda, who brought off a 13–1 chance the other day, but there were only four horses in the race. At that, though, he may be better than most of the racers brought from England and France since the beginning of the war. He couldn't be much worse.

Since the first of the year, 200 horses imported from Europe have been registered with the Jockey Club, which keeps track of all the thoroughbreds in this country. About 120 of them are of racing age; the others are brood mares and stallions. Most of the animals have been shipped over in small lots on freighters. The trip hasn't been easy for them, for they've been kept in narrow stalls below decks and, what with delays while waiting for convoys to be made up, and so on, some of the crossings have taken as long as eighteen days.

COLONEL MARTINGALE has run out of paper trying to figure how many parlays on Attention to win the New England Futurity at Narragansett and Level Best to win the Eastern Shore Handicap at Havre de Grace blew up with a slight hissing noise last weekend. Bushwhacker, who beat Attention, may be a better colt than anyone dreamed, but he's taken a long time to show it. He won his first race only a few days before. It's quite the other way around with Little Beans, who beat Level Best: he's been first in six of his seven starts this season. He is owned by Rocky Palladino, who parlayed a night club in Boston into a small racing stable, and is named after Mrs. Palladino's brother, a fellow called Joe Beans. Last year, at Saratoga, the Palladinos took a liking to a yearling who wasn't going to be sold because he was too sick to bring into the sales ring. They offered $500 and got him on the spot; they'd probably have got him just as quickly for $200. The yearling, to put an end to your suspense, was Little Beans. Don't get excited about him; he isn't in The Futurity. Neither is Level Best.

WELL, Aqueduct closes this weekend with the running of the Junior Champion Stakes. The most obvious horse to pick for it would be New World (I'm not so sure of Attention as I was, and Whirlaway won't run until The Futurity), but the obvious two-year-olds don't seem to be winning this season. The Lawrence Realization will be run at Belmont Park on Monday. I daresay it will be easy for Fenelon.

—AUDAX MINOR

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TEE AND GREEN

Conscientious Champion

WELL, Richard Chapman has at last become the amateur golf champion of the United States, and the golfing cognoscenti can now sit back and relax and tell one another that their prophecy has finally come to pass. For years, intense followers of the game have been hinting that Chapman was a good bet for the amateur title, but the closest he ever came, up to last week, was the semi-finals at Oakmont, in Pittsburgh, in 1938. He qualified second that year, and fourth in 1939, when he was beaten by Ross Somerville, the Canadian, in an early round. This year, at the Winged Foot course in Mamaroneck, he won the qualifying medal with the exceptionally low thirty-six-hole score of 140, and the only match he had that was even close was his first-round encounter with Neil White, of California, whom he defeated, 2 and 1.

If bending every effort and leaving no stone unturned is what wins championships, Chapman should have been an obvious favorite for the Amateur ever since last spring, when he joined Winged Foot in order to become thoroughly familiar with the course. Since April, he had played at least one round nearly every day and had participated in dozens of tournaments, none of which seemed to interfere with an insurance business in which he is associated with Herster Barres, the former Yale football star. Chapman's training this year has been almost as severe as that of a professional boxer, and he is reported to have kept a diary dealing largely with how he was hitting his shots from day to day, and what he thought about while he was hitting them. As often as not, he chalks the faces of his clubs, so that he can see whether he is hitting the ball just right. He seldom watches the flight of his ball after he has hit; he knows by the feel of the shot whether it's going where he intended it to.

A good sample of Chapman's concern over his game came to light right after his third-round win from Tommy Tailer in the Amateur two years ago. The match ended on the seventeenth green, and instead of walking straight to the clubhouse from there, as is customary under such circumstances

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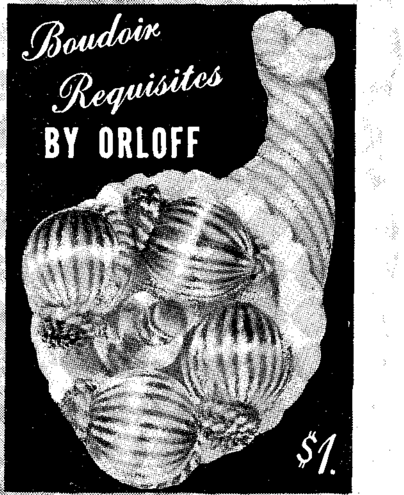

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in match play, Chapman shook hands perfunctorily with Tailer and then trotted over to the eighteenth tee, where he drove off over the heads of the departing spectators. He'd been playing well and apparently wanted to finish out the round to see exactly what his score would have been in medal play.

DUFFY McCULLOUGH, JR., the Philadelphia "weekend golfer" whom Chapman defeated in the final by 11 and 9—the most lopsided score in an Amateur since 1895—got as far as he did largely by discouraging his opponents with brilliant niblick recoveries. Time and again, he hit his second shots into traps and heavy rough around the greens, only to blast out a few feet from the cup and go down in one putt for a half or a win. He lost his touch in the final, but it was remarkable that he held onto it as well and as long as he did, for his opposition in the earlier rounds included two former champions, Johnny Fischer and Willie Turnesa, and Ray Billows, a two-time finalist.

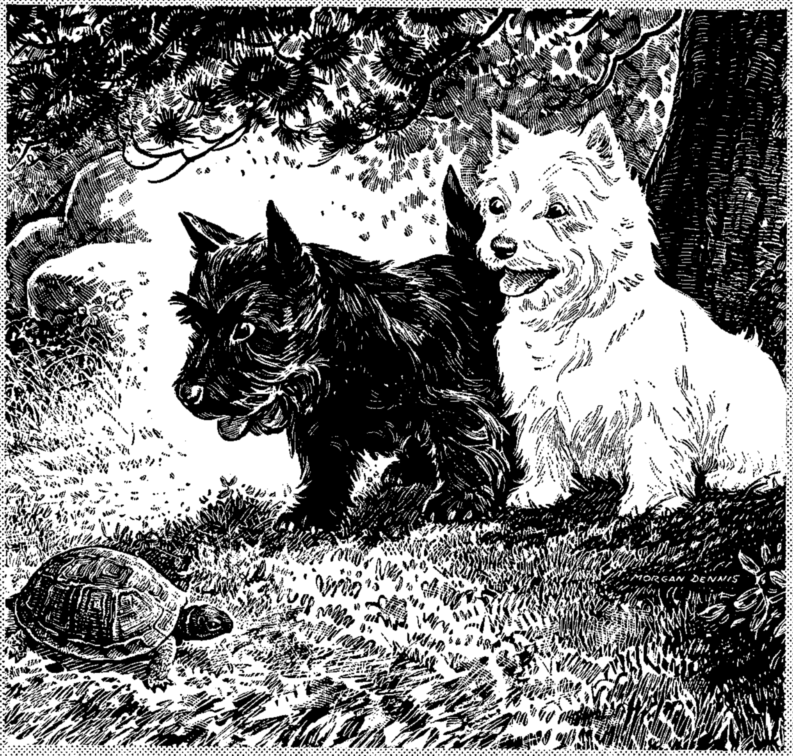
NOTES AT WINGED FOOT: One of the newspaper cameramen assigned to cover the afternoon round of the semifinal between Chapman and Wilford Wehrle bustled around enterprisingly while his colleagues were taking pictures of Chapman swinging on the first tee, and got himself into position to take a shot of the photographers photographing. He was about to click the shutter when a shadow moved across his finder, spoiling everything. "Hey, caddy!" he yelled, without looking up. "Get the hell out of the way, willya?" Wehrle, who happened to have caused the shadow, mumbled that he was very sorry and faded over to the back edge of the tee.... Ted Husing, the sports announcer, was on hand with a mobile broadcasting unit, describing every shot. The radio audience must have been fascinated when he said the gallery was behaving so well that it constituted "the ruliest crowd I've ever seen."

—P. W. W.

•

They had passed through a covered bridge about 100 feet from the tracks when Mrs. Sollace discovered the southbound local Central Vermont passenger train almost upon them. She jumped out one side and her husband the other. The engine tossed the automobile, a coach, against a telegraph pole 40 feet away. It was wrecked. Mr. and Mrs. Sollace were frightened.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press & Times.*

What about?



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

FAME ON SEDGWICK AVENUE

THE Hall of Fame consists of a terrace and an open-air colonnade, six hundred and thirty feet long and about twenty-five feet high, on Sedgwick Avenue in the Bronx, half encircling New York University's Library, Hall of Languages, and Hall of Philosophy. It is easily visible to motorists driving along the Harlem River either on Sedgwick Avenue or, on the far side of the river, the Speedway. It contains one hundred and fifty niches for the busts of famous dead American men and women. Originally a famous American had to be in his grave ten years before his name was eligible for election. This interval was later increased to twenty-five years, to provide a better perspective. Since the Hall began to function in 1900, seventy-two of its niches have been filled, seven by women. The seventy-two occupants include Washington, Lincoln, Longfellow, Emerson, and the like; they also include a few who might surprise you or send you to a reference library, such as Mary Lyon, founder of Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary; Matthew Fontaine Maury, a man whose hydrographic research led to the establishment of the Weather Bureau; and James Buchanan Eads, a civil engineer who deepened the Mississippi at the delta and built a number of battleships for the Union during the Civil War. Elections to the Hall are held every fifth year, and the outcome of the ninth quinquennial election, which is currently taking place with a deliberateness suitable to so permanent a project, will be made known on November 1st.

ALTHOUGH the people behind the Hall of Fame have compared it, as an instrument of immortality, to the Panthéon and Westminster Abbey, it originated in a rather prosaic way. It owes its existence solely to the fact that the campus of New York University is on a plateau, and that the ground slopes away sharply from the Library and other buildings on the west side of the campus some sixty feet down to Sedgwick Avenue, and one hundred feet more down to the Harlem River. Because of this, these structures formerly presented an unsightly expanse of exposed basement walls when viewed from the avenue below. To conceal these walls and to unify the buildings in an ornamental way, the university authorities proposed in 1899 to construct a terrace, supported by granite walls and crowned by a colonnade. The late Henry M. MacCracken, chancellor of N.Y.U. and chairman of its Building Committee, felt that such a terrace and colonnade, however architecturally desirable, might, in a university, be considered frivolous unless put to some cultural use. He hit upon the idea of utilizing them as a "Hall of Fame for Great Americans," and he won valuable support for this plan from Miss Helen Gould, a daughter of Jay Gould who later became Mrs. Finley J. Shepard. Mrs. Shepard, who during her lifetime gave New York University some $2,000,000 worth of buildings, put up $100,000 in 1900 toward the construction of the Hall of Fame and later contributed a considerably larger sum to defray the entire building costs of the project, which was designed by Stanford White.

The public nominates the entries for the Hall of Fame on blanks obtainable from the Hall's office in the International Building of Rockefeller Center. These provide space for the name and the date and places of birth and death of the candidate, and the reasons the nomination is made. Any American citizen is entitled to fill out as many blanks as he wants. No check is made on any nominator's citizenship, the assumption being that anyone sufficiently interested to make a suggestion of this sort *is* an American citizen. Following its nomination, and before it can get to be a bust, a name must run through a gantlet of staggering proportions. First, in March of every fifth year (the first was 1900) the proposed names are submitted to the Senate of New York University at a meeting in the Council Room of the Washington Square branch presided over by the Hall's director or acting director. Since Dr. John H. Finley, the latest Hall of Fame director, died in March, these ceremonies this year were handled by the acting director, Marshall F. Brown, who is dean of the faculties at N.Y.U. A new director will be elected, probably sometime this fall, by the Council of N.Y.U., a group of thirty-six men that includes Chancellor Harry Woodburn Chase, Cass Canfield, George D. Roosevelt, Finley J. Shepard, John M. Schiff, and Albert Eugene Gallatin.

After the names have been ratified

N-3875
Chon Day

"Don't you realize it reflects on me every time one of you jaywalkers is run over?"

by the Senate, they are placed on ballots which are mailed to the hundred-odd members of the Hall's College of Electors, who have until October 15th to return their votes. There are currently a hundred and ten electors, who include representatives from every state. Electors are chosen by the director, in consultation with the chancellor, and are permanent appointees, though occasionally one resigns because of old age. According to Hall of Fame procedure, they must be recruited from one of seven general professional categories. These are: "Actual or Former University or College Presidents; Historians or Professors of History or Literature; Scientists; Authors, Editors, and Artists; Men and Women of Affairs; Actual or Former High Public Officials; and Actual or Former Justices, National or State." Some of these divisions are interpreted rather liberally. The Affairs group, for example, in addition to Thomas W. Lamont, Owen D. Young, and George Gordon Battle, includes Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick; Lewis Perry, the principal of Phillips-Exeter; two bishops; and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. Mabel T. Boardman is the only other Affairs woman elector, but six of the twenty electors in the Authors-Editors-Artists category are ladies—Ellen Glasgow, Helen Keller, Anne O'Hare McCormick, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Agnes Repplier, and Dorothy Thompson. Among the male colleagues in this group are John Erskine, Walter Lippmann, William Lyon Phelps, and Stark Young. Eight of the original electors are still serving, and the average age of this pioneer section is eighty-one. Membership in the College of Electors is an excellent omen of longevity. Twenty-two electors are seventy-five or over, and forty-two are seventy or more. The average age of the hundred and ten electors is sixty-six. The class baby is Ralph Hayes, a vice-president of the Coca-Cola Company, who is forty-five.

In order to find out more about the Hall of Fame, I called on Mrs. Norbert Lyons, assistant to the director, in the Hall's office in Room 1762 of the International Building. "We took this office because it's called the International Building," she explained, illogically. "We feel that we're a national institution." Mrs. Lyons, a pretty, birdlike woman, came to the Hall in 1924 as assistant to the late Robert Underwood Johnson, who had succeeded Dr. MacCracken as director in 1919, and who, after his death in 1937, was succeeded

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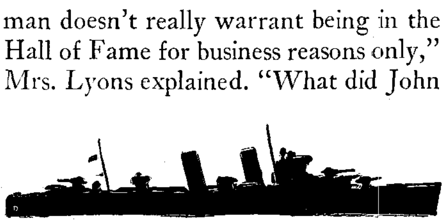
by Dr. Finley. The late Mrs. Shepard's gifts did not provide for the upkeep of the Hall—the salaries of the director and his assistant, the office rent, the cost of keeping the busts polished, etc., are paid by New York University—nor did they pay for the busts, for which the Hall has had to raise funds from the public. The director gets about $5,000 a year, which, considering his responsibilities, is perhaps not too much. Most of the work, however, devolves upon Mrs. Lyons. Except during a month's vacation in summer, she turns up six days a week in her office, a big, sunny room with bookcases full of *Who's Whos*, *Social Registers*, and other volumes of reference. One of her duties is giving out nomination blanks to the public, filing them for the Senate, and preparing and mailing the ballots to the electors. Eleven hundred have been given out so far this year. Mrs. Lyons' other duties include the handling of a vast amount of propaganda on behalf of candidates that comes in after the nominations have been made public, and seeing to it that the electors are informed as to just what material of this sort is on hand. Hundreds of letters, books, and clippings are sent in by people plugging a particular nominee. Mrs. Lyons let me read a sample communication, from a schoolboy in Abbeyville, Georgia. "I have been studying the life of Sidney Lanier," it ran, "and my teacher has also been reading to us some of his poems and the life of him. I want you to please put the statue of Sidney Lanier in the Hall of Fame because he was a great Georgia poet." During elections, Mrs. Lyons sums up the public reaction, as gleaned from the Hall's incoming mail, in multigraphed letters which she sends to each of the electors every couple of weeks, and she keeps this material in a huge closet adjoining her office. Local electors occasionally drop in and thumb through it. Mrs. Lyons also conducts a clipping service for her own information, reading dozens of newspapers from which she snips references to Hall of Fame candidates and electors. She keeps these clips on file for a while, and eventually destroys them to make more space. She also gets up Hall of Fame publicity releases and sends them to the papers. When I saw her, she had prepared the announcement of this year's candidates but was postponing sending it to the papers because she feared that the war news would crowd it into an obscure position or cause it to be omitted entirely. "I'm waiting for a break," she said, adding, "We always enjoy publicity if it's dignified." She finally released her news during a comparative lull.

Since it is up to New York University's Senate to weed out undesirable names from the list of proposals before any are sent to the electors, and since the Senate also has the power, never yet exercised, to reject names chosen by the electors, I asked Mrs. Lyons just whom the Senate consisted of. There are twenty-eight members, all on the N.Y.U. faculty, such as Chancellor Harry Woodburn Chase, Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild of the Graduate School of Arts and Science; Rufus B. Smith, acting dean of the Graduate Division for Training in Public Service; and Dean Allen T. Newman of the College of Dentistry.

One hundred and forty-three names were submitted to the Senate in March. Of these, only two failed to be approved for inclusion on the electoral ballot—Tammany, an Indian guide who is supposed to have welcomed William Penn on his arrival in America; and Père Marquette. Mrs. Lyons said that Père Marquette was excluded because he was identified more with Europe than this country, and that Tammany was eliminated on the ground that no such person ever existed. "The Senate feels he was a built-up person," she told me. "They feel he didn't exist."

The Senate assigns each name on the ballot to one of fifteen classes—Authors, Editors; Educators; Preachers, Theologians; Philanthropists, Reformers, Home and Social Workers; Scientists; Engineers; Physicians, Surgeons; Inventors; Missionaries, Explorers; Soldiers, Sailors; Lawyers, Judges; Rulers, Statesmen; Business Men; Artists, including Musicians, Sculptors, Painters, Architects, Illustrators, Etchers, Engravers, Actors; and Eminent Persons Outside the Foregoing Classes. Among those on the current ballot are Francis Scott Key, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, Joseph Pulitzer, Susan B. Anthony, Henry George, Carrie Nation, Emily Dickinson, Jesse, Nellie, and Frederick Grant—Ulysses S. Grant's father, daughter, and son, respectively; Elbert Hubbard, Haym Salomon, Booker T. Washington, and the late J. P. Morgan. Though it was a Gould who made the Hall possible, it has never yet elected a Business Man. "A business man doesn't really warrant being in the Hall of Fame for business reasons only," Mrs. Lyons explained. "What did John P. Morgan ever do that was outstanding to humanity?" She told me that the man who nominated Morgan had also proposed the Grants, Tammany, Carrie Nation, McKinley, and nine others, and that he had come to her office for the requisite blanks. "He was a poor, uneducated fellow, but he had a patriotic fervor that is admirable," she said. "However, he couldn't differentiate between popularity, vogue, and fame."



Electors frequently nominate candidates themselves. This year, for example, John Erskine proposed Edward MacDowell, the composer; Mrs. Rockefeller nominated Dr. William Beaumont, the first surgeon to save the life of a man with a punctured stomach; and Sidney Lanier was sponsored by a group which included four electors—Struthers Burt; Dr. Isaiah Bowman, president of Johns Hopkins; George H. Denny, chancellor of the University of Alabama; and Daniel C. Roper, ex-Secretary of Commerce. Mrs. Lyons informed me that Charles Goodyear, the rubber man, was suggested by his granddaughter, Katharine Goodyear; Elizabeth Cady Stanton, first president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, by Pearl Buck; and O. Henry by Damon Runyon. Institutions often propose candidates, especially candidates after whom they have been named; Townsend Harris, the man chiefly responsible for the creation of the College of the City of New York, was nominated by the Townsend Harris High School of C.C.N.Y., and Susan B. Anthony by the Susan B. Anthony Forum of Washington.

WHEN the Hall was founded, I learned from literature in Mrs. Lyons' office, the intention was to elect fifty people the first year and five additional ones each five years thereafter until the hundred and fifty niches were filled, which would have been in 2000. Eighty-five people should have been in the Hall by now, but things have got behind schedule, and only seventy-two have been elected. In order to try to catch up, the electors will be asked to vote for eighteen candidates this year. A three-fifths vote is required for election, and probably not more than three or four individuals will be immortalized in 1940.

The Hall of Fame began running behind schedule at the very beginning. In the fall of 1900, the first electoral year, only twenty-nine, instead of fifty, prominent Americans were elected. These were Emerson, Hawthorne, Irving, Longfellow, Horace Mann, Peter

Cooper, George Peabody, Audubon, Asa Gray, Robert Fulton, Samuel F. B. Morse, Eli Whitney, Grant, Lee, Farragut, James Kent (Chief Justice of the New York Supreme Court in 1804), John Marshall, Joseph Story, John Adams, Henry Clay, Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, Washington, Daniel Webster, Gilbert Stuart, Jonathan Edwards, Henry Ward Beecher, and William Ellery Channing. Washington is the only contestant who ever received a unanimous vote from the electors, ninety-seven of whom made returns in 1900. The press reaction to the Westminster Abbey of Sedgwick Avenue was mixed. "It is well that this nation should have such a shrine," observed the *Tribune*, "to rebuke at once the *nil admirari* cynicism which sees no great men in our history and the too bumptious spread-eagleism which makes all men great." The New York *Independent* stated, "It seems a bit foreign to our democratic ideas, which let glory and fame take care of themselves," and the *Electrical World* remarked waspishly, "It pains us to see the omission of Joseph Henry. A novelist or judge could be spared to make room for him." A novelist or judge *was* spared in 1915 to make room for Mr. Henry, who had invented the electromagnet. In the early days of the Hall, when the probationary period between a celebrity's death and his eligibility for election was only ten years, a number of people got into the Hall rather quickly. Lowell, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and General Sherman had been dead only fourteen years when they received the University Heights accolade; Whittier, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Henry Ward Beecher only thirteen; Frances E. Willard, founder of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and Gray, the botanist, only twelve; and Mark Twain a mere ten. The inclusion of Twain, incidentally, was widely protested on the ground that he had once confessed to having stolen a dime from a church collection plate as a boy. The Hall got Twain anyway, but the pious spirit which prompted this objection seems to have influenced the Hall's electors in other cases. It is typical of the Hall's attitude that its only two important men of affairs—Peter Cooper and George Peabody—are listed in its official handbook not under "Business Men" but under "Philanthropists, Reformers."

A number of occupants of the Hall of Fame have worked their way up to the Bronx quinquennial year by quinquennial year. Dr. William Thomas

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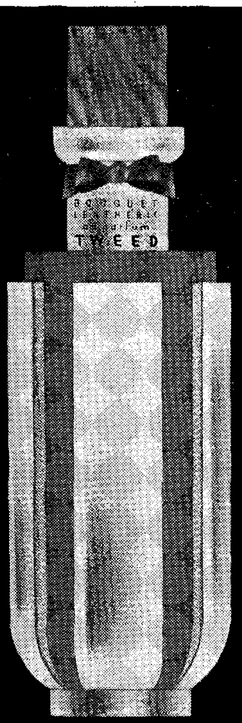

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THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS

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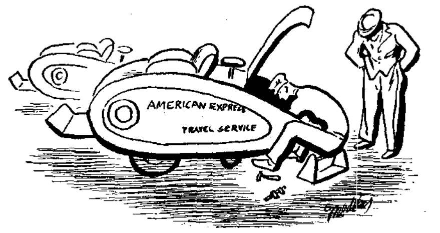
Green Morton, first to use ether as a practical anaesthetic, rose from six votes in 1900 to a qualifying seventy-two in 1920; James Monroe, who first got on the ballot in 1900, had to wait until 1930 to reach the colonnade. Conversely, a good many nominees have worked their way down, a notable example being Horace Greeley, who came within three votes of election in 1900, slipped progressively to a total of only seven votes in 1920, and then got off the ballot altogether. He is on it again this year and, according to students of immortality, may stage a comeback. Others whose early chances of a bust on University Heights have come to nothing so far are Peter Stuyvesant, Miles Standish, Presidents Garfield, McKinley, and Van Buren; De Witt Clinton, Bret Harte, Jefferson Davis, Gouverneur Morris, and Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, who appeared on the 1930 ballot but received no votes. I asked Mrs. Lyons who Evangelinus Sophocles was, and she said, "Why, she's well known, I guess." "Evangelinus, not Evangeline," I said. Mrs. Lyons went to a bookshelf and looked Mr. Sophocles up in some work of reference, possibly an old *Social Register*. "I'm afraid he isn't in it," she said. She then consulted a file of nomination blanks and came up with the information that Mr. Sophocles had had some connection with Harvard. I discovered later that he was a Greek-born Harvard professor who wrote several Greek grammars and lexicons. He also wrote a good deal about Sophocles and finally assumed the name because he liked it so much.

THE Hall of Fame people feel that there is nationwide interest in their mausoleum, and through their efforts many high schools all over the country give Hall of Fame courses dealing with the individuals whose careers are commemorated on the Heights. The late Robert Underwood Johnson, while director, made an unsuccessful attempt to raise money for a tower with a carillon to be erected beside the Hall and to finance an annual prize of a two weeks' trip to New York to be given to one student in every high school in every state, to be called the Hall of Fame Prize, for the best short essay on someone in the colonnade. "The plan would promote reverence for our ideals," he wrote, "and stimulate that ambition which it is one of the chief purposes of Education to arouse, for a boy without ambition is a dead weight, an engine without steam." Johnson had better luck in raising funds to pay for the busts and their installation, which had sadly lagged until he became director in 1919. In 1921, although the names of sixty-three notables had been inscribed in niches, only two busts—those of Horace Mann and Robert Fulton—had been installed. Thanks largely to Johnson's efforts, the Hall got up to date with its busts by 1931. The Hall selects the sculptors and asks contributors for a standard sum of $5,000 to cover the full cost of one bust and its inscription. Many of the sculptures have been presented by groups. Among the sculptors who have done Hall of Fame busts are Daniel Chester French, Lorado Taft, Herbert Adams, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, A. Stirling Calder, and Frederick MacMonnies. The New York City Chapter of the D.A.R. gave Washington; the Authors' Club of Boston, Emerson; the New York Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Lee; the Alexander Hamilton Institute of New York, Hamilton; the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Frances Willard; the Union League Club of Chicago, Lincoln; the estate of Mark Twain, Mark Twain; graduates of Cooper Union, Peter Cooper; the Ladies' Hermitage Association of Nashville, Tennessee, Andrew Jackson; Wellesley, Alice Freeman Palmer; the Boone Family Association, Boone; The Players, Edwin Booth; the National Sculpture Society, Saint-Gaudens; the New York Cotton Exchange, Eli Whitney; the Masons, John Paul Jones; the Horace Mann School and the Horace Mann League, Horace Mann; the James Monroe High School, Monroe; and a number of admirers of President Cleveland, Grover Cleveland. Cleveland was an elector of the Hall of Fame himself, and this may have had something to do with his election, which took place as soon as the twenty-five-year rule would allow. Seven busts have been given by various anonymous donors. The installation of the bust of Whitman, presented in 1931 by a group including the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, was frivolously anticipated in 1919 by a Whitman fan who smuggled a bust into a niche between a couple of other poets and printed underneath, in silver nitrate, a line of the poet's: "I know that I am deathless." The university authorities removed the bust the next day and plastered over the quotation. Their choice of sentiment for Whitman, who was legally tapped in 1930, reads:



In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed Perfection.

The Hall inscribes a quotation from the writings of each subject in the appropriate niche. Nowadays these are often selected by Mrs. Lyons, though they must be approved by the Senate. Many of them sound rather special, such as:

> The portrait of George Washington was undertaken by me. It had been indeed the object of the most valuable years of my life to obtain the portrait.—*Gilbert Stuart.*
>
> The smallest village, the plainest home, give ample space for the resources of the college-trained woman.—*Alice Freeman Palmer.*
>
> There is nothing in the Universe that I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or fail to do it.—*Mary Lyon.*
>
> I may say I was the first to bring the electro magnet into the condition necessary to its use in telegraphy and also to point out its application to the telegraph. —*Joseph Henry.*
>
> Be it known that I have invented a new and useful machine for sewing seams in cloth and other articles requiring to be sewed.—*Elias Howe.*
>
> Were I asked to define in a sentence the thought and purpose of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I should reply it is to make the whole world homelike. —*Frances Elizabeth Willard.*
>
> The Common School is the greatest discovery ever made by man.—*Horace Mann.*

Before I left the Hall of Fame office, Mrs. Lyons told me that the Hall is frequently visited by patriotic and educational delegations, often on the birthdays of persons in the colonnade. Groups of colored people inspect the bust of Harriet Beecher Stowe on June 14th, her birthday, and the New York Institute for the Blind sent up a group last year whose members, unable to see, went around touching the various heads. Mrs. Lyons sometimes acts as guide for important people who telephone the Hall of Fame office and express an interest. "I have taken up bankers and prominent lawyers," she said, "but I don't think they'd like their names mentioned. You know, a man doesn't like to be identified with certain things, a man like Owen Young. I once took up a banker who was specifically interested in Cleveland, and a man from Maine who was interested in the Poets' Corner, a public-spirited man from Maine."

AS a public-spirited man from New York, I paid a brief visit to the colonnade, which I hadn't examined for

ASK THE MAN WHO'S BEEN TO
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make your
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with
HAVANA CLUB Rum
86 PROOF

Here's the RECIPE for a Havana Club Rum Collins as made at the Havana Club Bar, Havana, Cuba. Take a glass filled with cracked ice. Then add the juice of one lemon, 2 teaspoonfuls sugar, 2 ounces Havana Club Rum (Gold). Fill glass with Mineral Water . . . float cherry on top.

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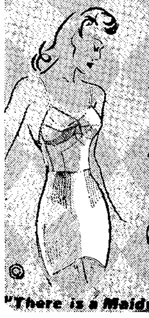

For a "long torso" effect choose a long-line brassiere like "Intimo," $1.50 to $5.00, shown with *"Curtsy" girdle No. 1301 (pantie, No. 1321)—$2.00. Send for *free* Foundation Style Booklet Q: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, New York.

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LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
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GIRDLES · "ONCE-OVERS"
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ten or fifteen years. I entered through the north gate, a wrought-iron affair lettered at the top, "Enter with Joy That Those Within Have Lived." The pediment above the gate bore the inscription "Mighty Men Which Were of Old Men of Renown." The first busts I saw were those of Howe, Audubon, and Maury. The heads, which, with one or two exceptions, are a little bigger than life, are on both sides of a double colonnade, the ones on the outside with their backs to Sedgwick Avenue and the Harlem River. The busts are on balustrades, the heads about two feet above the average man's eyes and each one in an open space between two columns. They are arranged in clusters of consecutive niches, punctuated by clusters of empty niches, and are kept in related groups. As I walked along I noticed tablets inlaid in the terrace which read, "Jurists," "Soldiers," "Statesmen," "Scientists," "Authors," "Teachers," and "Septimi," the last meaning "seventh class," which consists of physicians and surgeons. These were placed in the floor when the Hall was built and do not bear any relation to the busts which are near them. There were wreaths around the necks of one or two busts, because of recent birthdays. Two identical inlaid tablets in the terrace, one near either end of the colonnade, were inscribed, "*Perstare et Praestare*"—the university's motto, meaning "To preserve and excel." The last bust near the exit was that of Washington Irving. The south gate was lettered, "Take Counsel Here of Beauty, Wisdom, Power," and just beyond it, on the outer wall of the Hall of Languages, was a plaque which read, "In Memory of Charles Beatty Alexander, Lawyer, Publicist, Exemplary Citizen, the Gates of This Colonnade Are Presented by Mrs. Alexander. 1930." The exterior of the eight pediments which crown the colonnade bear eight inscriptions in large letters: "The Hall of Fame . . . . . for Great Americans . . . . . by Wealth of Thought . . . . . Or Else by Mighty Deed . . . . . They Served Mankind in Noble Character . . . . . In World-Wide Good . . . . . They Live Forevermore."

MRS. LYONS had told me that John Quigley, the officer in charge of the university's grounds, was especially interested in the Hall, and I sought him out in the gatekeeper's lodge at the main entrance to the campus. He showed me a typewritten list of the Hall's occupants and their birthdays, marked "Dates on Which Busts in the

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*Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936.

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DE BACARDI Y Cª
SANTIAGO DE CUBA

This is the OFFICIAL Recipe . . . in RHYME!

A LITTLE SOUR,
(Juice of half a lime)
A LITTLE SWEET,
(½ teaspoonful of sugar)
THE TROPIC SUN,
(A jigger of BACARDI RUM)
(White or Silver Label)
WITHOUT THE HEAT!
(Ice and shake well)

When grenadine is used instead of sugar, it's a Bacardi Grenadine Cocktail, and comes out pink!

Use BACARDI White Label, from Cuba, world's finest rum . . . or BACARDI Silver Label, Puerto Rico's finest, at a popular price.

●

For other mixed drinks—the Highball, Collins, Old-Fashioned, Cuba Libre, etc.—use BACARDI Gold Label, from Cuba, world's finest rum . . . or BACARDI Amber Label, Puerto Rico's finest, at a popular price.

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. Copr. 1940

Hall of Fame Are to Be Draped," and explained that on each of these occasions an American flag is hung over the bust of the person whose birthday it is. The biggest month for Hall of Fame birthdays is February—twelve. Mr. Quigley said the busts are hosed every now and then and that the Hall is open from 8 A.M. until 8 P.M. I had seen some electric lights in the colonnade and asked whether these were ever used. Mr. Quigley said they used to be, since formerly the Hall was left lighted until ten and open all night, but since Mrs. Alexander gave the iron gates it has been locked at eight. The reason for this, he hinted, was that on summer nights young people had used the colonnade for protracted spooning.

Mr. Quigley, a tall, genial Irishman with a gray mustache and a military air, outdates the Hall of Fame as a New York University fixture by several years, having been on the campus since 1896. He has shown more people through than he can possibly remember. Visitors often write him grateful letters when they get back home. He has several hundred in his desk in the lodge and let me look at a few. "The courtesy you extended," read a recent one from Mrs. Ida Benfey Judd of the Mark Twain Association, 410 Central Park West, "and the kindly interest you showed us in what we were doing, those are the elements that make life a joyous journey. That is what Europe needs today. Joyous, grateful greetings to you." According to Mr. Quigley, Mark Twain is a great favorite with school children. "I like Mark Twain," a small boy wrote him last spring. "He looks so kind. Yours sincerely, George Rogers." Another fan letter, from one of a group of children from Public School 500, ran, "Dear Mr. Quigley, I was so glad that you showed us around. Without you I think our teacher Miss Grilli would have gotten lost."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

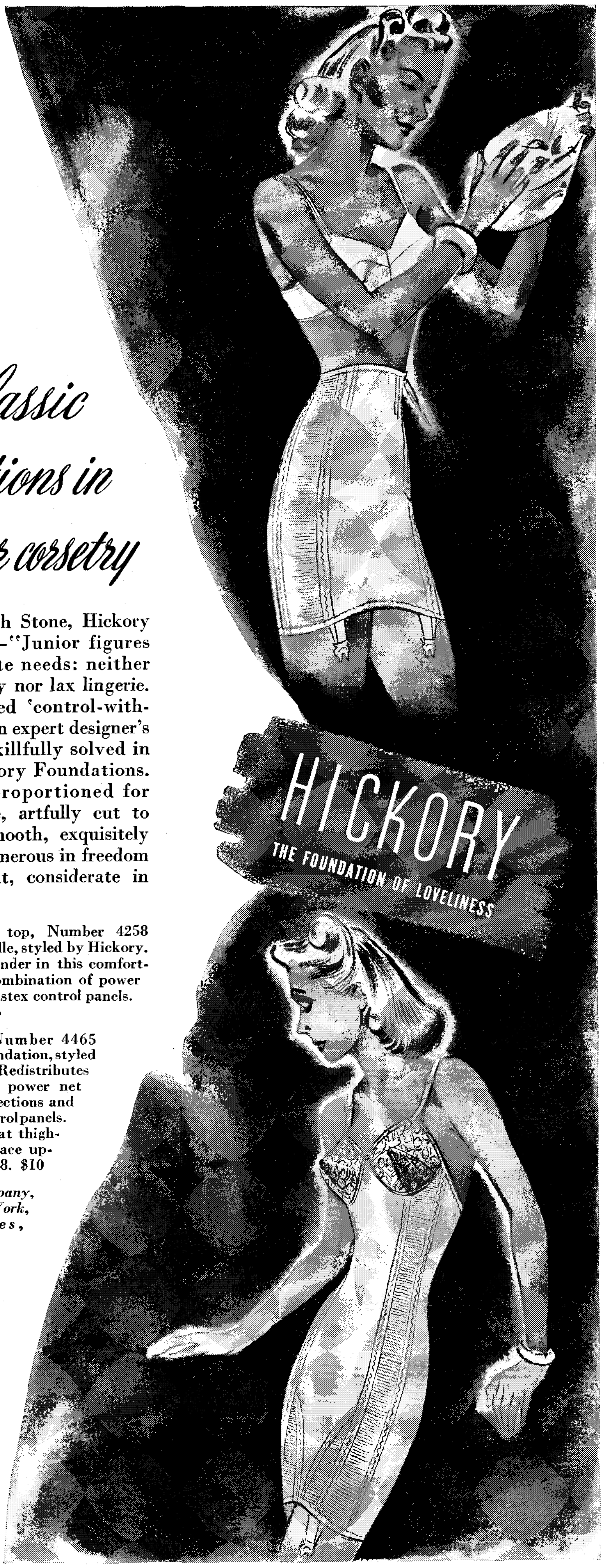
•

ENTOMOLOGICAL NOTE

Tantalizing as a tattooed butterfly. —*From a Bonwit Teller lipstick adv. in the Times.*

What tortured mind, what dire mood,
Conceived a butterfly tattooed?
It conjures up a train of thought
That starts at scratch and ends with
 nought.
Who would tattoo a butterfly?
And, in the name of goodness, why?

—ELIZABETH E. WARD



Classic creations in junior corsetry

● Says Ruth Stone, Hickory Fashionist—"Junior figures have definite needs: neither rigid corsetry nor lax lingerie. Your coveted 'control-with-comfort' is an expert designer's problem—skillfully solved in young Hickory Foundations. Perfectly proportioned for YOUR type, artfully cut to firm and smooth, exquisitely flattering, generous in freedom of movement, considerate in price."

Illustrated at top, Number 4258 "Luranet" Girdle, styled by Hickory. Zip yourself slender in this comfortably smooth combination of power net and satin lastex control panels. Sizes: 25-32. $5

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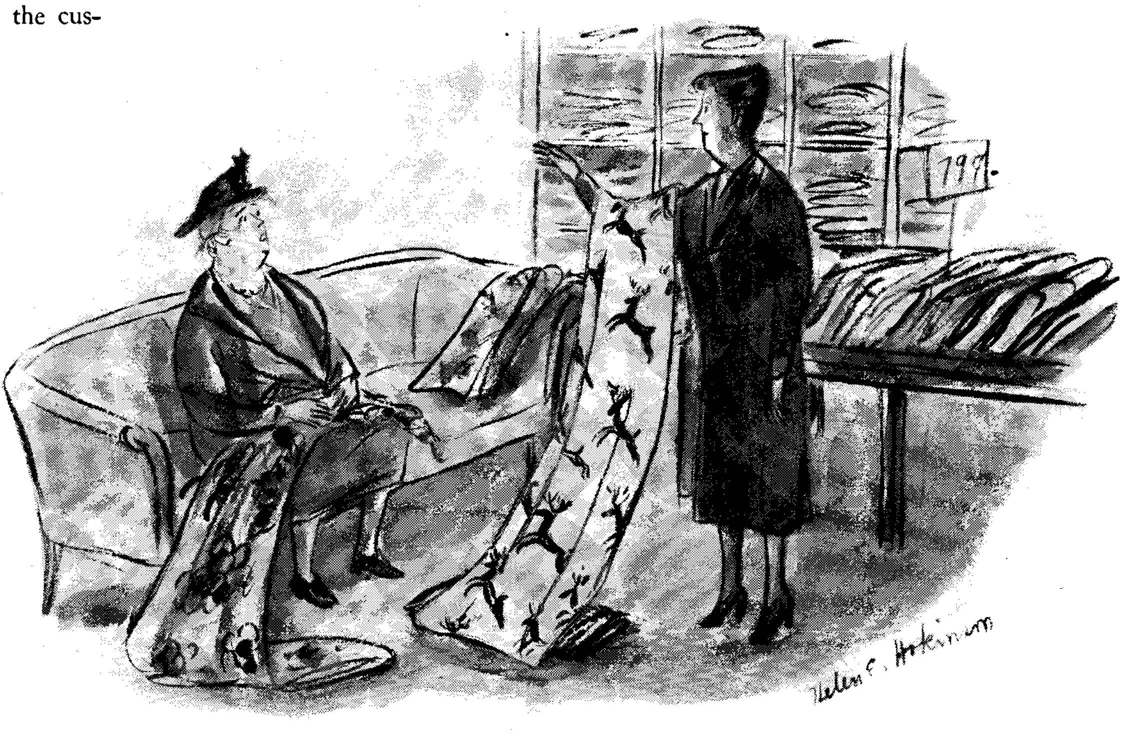
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IN the hidebound twenties, American women were an affluent and masochistic lot, eternally being kicked around by couturiers who spoke French and by snippy salesgirls. Fashion experts helped to foster the idea that chic was a set, material thing that could be shellacked on any customer who could be made to stand still long enough. American women were told what to wear (brash indeed was the lady who dared to murmur that she didn't like a dress that had the right label), and the result was that they all looked alike. Things went on in this dictatorial manner until the collapse of "normal" times in 1929, when most women could no longer be bullied into a $195 mistake without risking the breakup of their homes and therefore started to use their good sense and imagination in picking out clothes suited to their individual personalities (they discovered they had them) and modes of life. The fashion moguls were first enraged and then panic-stricken. Bewildered, they began to try to please this newly emancipated woman. Each new Paris collection, instead of being an edict, as it had been in the past, became a series of dizzy temptations offered hopefully for milady's approval. Remember the Mae West trial balloon? It was instantly pricked when the customers smiled sweetly, and bought something else.

Buyers from the great custom houses in this country brought back from Paris many stunts which they trusted would appeal to women who had daring and a sense of humor. Buyers for the ready-to-wear trade had to keep wearability and mass-production methods in mind, but they too brought home from Paris a number of extreme models, hoping to start something by adapting a basically good idea to their needs. All classes of buyers were respectfully cognizant of the fact that the customer was learning to be right. The down-to-earth stylists and buyers who used to comb the Paris markets have been working with designers here, and their respect for the Ultimate Consumer in the United States came in very handy during the recent hysterical chaos in the fashion world. When finally the American clothes were presented, they were a more intelligent and harmonious collection than most of us had dared to expect. Though there were some examples of the straining-too-much-after-novelty that your prophet here had feared, the prestige houses, in the main, moved serenely along the path that Paris pointed out a year ago. The longer torso, the shorter skirt for daytime—these have been heralded for some time. A smooth, usually unbelted line down the ribs and extending over the hips to give a tunic effect is everywhere, worked out in various ways, and I think it looks wonderful. I don't agree with my colleagues that clothes with this line are hard to wear. Belts are awfully good at emphasizing that roll around the waistline, remember. The tight, swathed hipline, sometimes suggesting Little Egypt as it rises to knot on the stomach, is all around, too. Below these low hiplines, skirts may be circular, straight, pleated, harem-draped, or so narrow that they need to be slit to the knee. It is the long body line that continues to be Significant, preferably (for me) emphasized by high, plain necklines and plain shoulders, although you may have peplums, belts, bouffant lines, anything, for every possible type is being shown and each house has different tricks in cut and detail to develop them.

HATTIE CARNEGIE's clothes are always extravagantly feminine and in a slightly tongue-in-cheek mood, for her customers love to be amused and have the poise to dare a great deal. Like many designers, she uses leopard fur as trimming, but she studs it with brilliant red stones. This makes, for instance, the revers on an orange wool bolero that is worn over a simple black dinner dress shirred up the ribs. The jewelled fur also appears on a slender, black broadcloth dress, making the belt, the clips, and the shortest of capes (Miss Carnegie continues to love boleros and capes that come just below the armpit and preserve an extra-broad-shouldered look). Paradise fox—white, with long, black, wispy ends like monkey fur—is a new favorite for this type of cape; a pouf of it, used as a hat, dramatizes a black dinner dress with shirring that swings diagonally across the body. Then there is Carnegie's beloved sweater-top evening dress running rampant again. What looks like a Brooks sweater in black wool has a jewelled leopard belt and a gathered skirt of gold velveteen; an orange jersey dress, high-necked, long-sleeved, and incredibly long-waisted, has a swirling,



"I'm afraid leaping deer wouldn't seem restful enough."

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You will find some of the most flawless "English Complexions" in the world at this famous Virginia resort. Exquisite young American women . . . brought up in the Yardley tradition of *natural* loveliness.

The very youngest visitors will require only the most fundamental Yardley beauty aids. Start with Yardley's English Lavender Soap, the luxury soap of the world. The rich creamy lather leaves your skin feeling radiantly refreshed. A single tablet . . . 35c.

Then use Yardley's "English Complexion" Cream at least once a day. Its benign touch is youth itself, and its use will help keep the skin smooth and soft. Perfect for cleansing. A powder base, too . . . $1.

You may purchase these famous Yardley aids to complexion loveliness at any fine drug or department store. And at Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Write to this address for our book, "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street." Quite free.

● *As one gets away from the debutante age, one should cleanse with Yardley's luxuriously smooth Cleansing Cream,* **$1;** *refresh the skin with Yardley's mild Toning Lotion,* **85c;** *and combat dryness with Yardley's rich texture Night Cream,* **$1.**

Yardley

YARDLEY PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA ARE CREATED IN ENGLAND AND FINISHED IN THE U. S. A. FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH FORMULAE, COMBINING IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC INGREDIENTS

pleated skirt of the jersey, with a green sequin crossbar, and a triangular scarf that may be tied over the head or around the hips, hoochy-cooch style. The mannequins wear dozens of glittering Carmen Miranda necklaces with these—not for limited wardrobes but mighty elegant.

All is not laughs and palaver and merrymaking at Hattie Carnegie, however; there are also beautiful suits. Most of them are buttoned or zipped snugly down from the simplest and smallest of collars, with jackets that are moderate in length and tightly fitted. There is a woollen group in black or in the dark blue she calls winter navy. Some have velvet piping around the revers and on the hem of the skirt; some have fur bursting from the pockets. One has a snug, long peplum of monkey fur, another a flaring peplum of Persian, for people who still like their waistlines firmly indicated. You'll find lots of suits in tomato-red wool, sometimes trimmed with leopard and sometimes having topcoats of lynx. There are also quantities of two-piece jumper-type affairs—black wool with jet embroidery on the shoulders and pockets, for dressy occasions; natural jersey ones with composition amber buttons, outside tucks, and a leopard belt and muff, shown with a leopard "hat" hiding behind the mannequin's pompadour. There are even more hat tricks, too. Look at the absurd fur affair, placed on the back of the head, with two bands of fur that descend and wrap around the neck like a scarf, and at the fur coat collar in which nestles a hood you can pop up over your head.

LORD & TAYLOR found themselves some 1940 geniuses in design and then, carefully considering the market that wants nice clothes ready-to-wear at prices between $30 and $100, stood cannily by to control the exuberances of these designers. L. & T. have exerted on their people, still in the throes of creation, the practical censorship which they used in the past when adapting Paris collections. The battle behind the scenes must have been Gargantuan, but I fail to see how the finished collection could be better—simple and wearable clothes with ingenious little surprises to delight you. For example, a black crêpe dinner dress, square-necked and long-ribbed, has drapery down the front of the skirt. With it comes a short jacket, also using the same black crêpe and having a front and back of suède in a shade called leopard, which has plenty of chartreuse in its makeup; the jacket has long sleeves with the front half made of suède and the rest made of the same black crêpe. This suède also makes a double-breasted jacket, with carved, jewelled buttons down the front and a belt across the back, that is worn over a matching crêpe evening dress with tiny shoulder straps and is severely simple save for the flutter caused by the narrowest possible apron tied on in front.

Then there are also frocks that would fit "dressy" afternoons and informal evenings without coyness. One called Trans-Lux has an openwork jet yoke across the shoulders and a peplum that clings to the hips and flips out only slightly. Another contribution is a princesse dress of black crêpe with a wide velvet hem on its slightly flaring skirt and a trim black velvet yoke. You couldn't possibly be happier for $30. There are vast quantities of those plain dresses you need for every day and all day long. A thin one of wool in that leopard shade has three bands of fringe at its hem and a bit of it around its prim collar; another of black wool is fastened down the side with embroidered black silk-braid buttons. There are draped dresses by a designer who likes his hems to dip somewhere. There are dresses by another talented newcomer that have sharp, sculptured tucks as their only decoration. It is sound to buy clothes of such good lines and such simplicity that neither you nor your friends can tire of them. There is nothing run-of-the-mill about this collection. All in all, it looks as if neither the extravaganza woman nor the conservative lady with a limited income need worry for the moment. —L. L.

•

DEAR MARTHA CARR:

We are six girls married and with our own homes. We have a club which meets once a month and one of the members has roaches and bedbugs at her house. We all like her and don't want to hurt her feelings. What can we do? We are to meet at her house soon. WONDERING

I don't know what you can do, really, unless you turn the subject on exterminating companies and best brands of roach powder. Perhaps you could decide to have this meeting a movie party and lunch downtown.—*From Martha Carr's column in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Sure—take her to a Hal Roach.

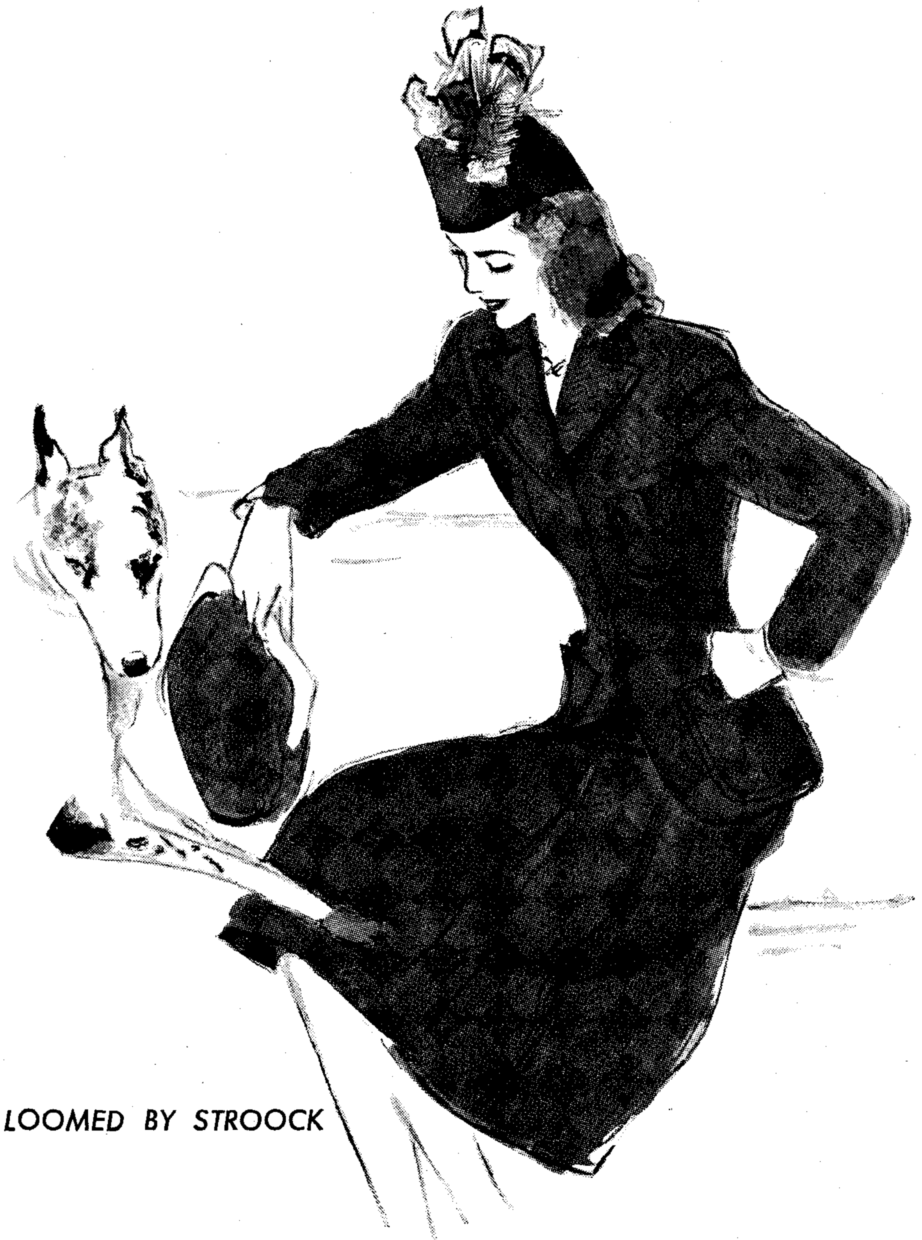
•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

New Western Front, Inc., 122 East Forty-second Street.

Budding Youth Brassiere Co., 3 West Twenty-ninth Street.

The Wee Wee Maternity Home, Santa Ana, Calif.



Salute to Chevron Tweed in Frontier Green!

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PRACTICAL
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CALLING FANNY FARMER . . . COME IN, FANNY!

AVIATION has made such progress in the past decade that I have been unable to keep up with it. I'll be frank; I believe that my little misadventures as an aerial commuter between New York and Boston are merely the result of my own maladjustment. We have all seen nervous old ladies making nuisances of themselves on trains or interurban buses, spilling things out of their reticules or going past their stops, and I am sure that I cut just as sorry a figure when I come fidgeting into the air line's office with some cock-and-bull story about my bag being lost. The spirit of high adventure seems to be lacking in me. After being whisked up to Boston in an hour and a quarter behind a spanking pair of Wright Cyclone engines, I start squeaking because my pajamas and toothbrush have been mislaid. Betcha those pilots sleep *raw!* From the resigned demeanor of the ticket agents whenever I show up, I have concluded that they share my conviction that the whole sorry mess is my fault. I understand, in fact, that the Interstate Commerce Commission has been petitioned to revise its rules in order to permit a common carrier to refuse passage to a Jonah.

In the matter of the breaded veal cutlet, however, I am sure that I am right and the air line is wrong. A couple of weeks ago, while I was passing over Norwich at four thousand feet, right on schedule and sound asleep, the stewardess woke me up and said it was time for lunch. It was a silly thing for her to do, because my rare moments of unconsciousness are so much velvet, both for me and for the air line. Before I could brush the cobwebs from my eyes, lunch was served, right in my lap—breaded veal cutlet, hot coffee, salad, and dessert. It was delicious, I may say, and quite enough to stay my stomach between Boston and New York even if I had been travelling by stagecoach. I cleaned up my tray and fell into a stupor, like a python after engorging a wild pig—but not before noticing that the air line, in an outburst of housewifely pride, had tucked under my napkin a leaflet giving the recipe for breaded veal cutlet. I put the leaflet in my pocket, because it seemed to me to be a significant document. I still think it is.

THE more I think about it, the more I am convinced that commercial aviation and cookery should be kept as far apart as possible. A good cook and a good pilot are poles apart, temperamentally. I am not fool enough to think that the cooks pilot or that the pilots cook, but it is not extreme to suppose that if they were associated with each other for any length of time one might become subtly imbued with the other's outlook on his job; that's where the danger lies. Pilots are stern, stony men who perform their difficult tasks by rote. Their equipment is complete and in perfect shape, they are furnished with all necessary information, and they are expected to handle their ships without mishap. Cooks, on the other hand, are by tradition impressionists and believers in luck. Many's the time I've seen my mother put an angel cake in the oven and say, "There! I just hope it turns out all right." It is a common thing to hear a housewife say, when she's congratulated on some especially successful dish, "Well, I was out of sage, so I just thought I'd see what a pinch of curry powder would do for it," or, "I wanted to use up that little bit of sherry, so I could throw the bottle away." One of the best cooks I know believes that an enemy can spoil a dish of chicken *cacciatora* by putting the evil eye on it. Not the sort of people to trust with a transport plane, are they, now? A plane piloted by a couple of kitchen-minded men is headed for trouble, sure as God made little apples. As a matter of fact, I had rather a realistic dream, just the other night, which bears out this contention. Thus:

(*Scene: The forward compartment of a transcontinental plane. Barkington, the pilot, is at the controls, and Twiss, the co-pilot, is listening to the radio.*)

BARKINGTON (*moodily*): Oh, sure, everybody says what fun it must be to be a pilot. Well, maybe it's fun to pilot once in a while, after you've had some people in for bridge or something, but it's another story when you have to pilot day in and day out.

TWISS: Don't I know it, dearie! And your family complaining because your piloting's always the same.

BARKINGTON: And when you do something different, there's a fuss about *that.* Like the time I went to all that trouble to fly through the Grand Canyon. Not so much as a thank-you did I get from anybody.

TWISS (*glancing at a dial*): Hmm, forty-five hundred feet. Tell you what, I've always had pretty good luck at fifty-five hundred—

BARKINGTON (*stiffly*): Forty-five is what I learned from my grandmother, and *she* never had any complaints.

TWISS: No offence. (*A pause*) Don't you find that the worst bother is having everything ready at the same time? Like if we're landing at seven-thirty, why, I'll have the landing gear down at seven, and like as not I never *will* find time to let the flaps down.

BARKINGTON: It's wicked. Next year I'm going to insist on a Filipino boy or something.

(*The plane disappears into a bank of fog and is never heard from again.*)

—RUSSELL MALONEY

•

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

[*Dispatches received in the city room of the Cleveland Press*]

KP2

BULLETIN

LOS ANGELES, JULY 19—(UP)—THE ROOF OF A BOOK STORE ON THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CAMPUS COLLAPSED TODAY SHOWERING DEBRIS ON A NUMBER OF STUDENTS.

AT LEAST SIX STUDENTS WERE SAID TO HAVE BEEN CAUGHT BY THE CAVEIN.

W542P

KP3

1ST LEAD AND CORRECT

LOS ANGELES, JULY 19—(UP)—A ROW OF BOOKS TUMBLED FROM A SHELF IN A BOOKSTORE ON THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CAMPUS TODAY, INJURING ONE GIRL STUDENT.

POLICE AND AMBULANCES WERE SPED TO THE CAMPUS ON A REPORT THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING HAD COLLAPSED AND A NUMBER OF STUDENTS HURT.

(ELIMINATES EARLIER)

W552P

KP4

2ND LEAD AND CORRECT

LOS ANGELES, JULY 19—(UP)—A BOOK FELL OFF A SHELF IN THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA TODAY. THE BOOK WAS DAMAGED SLIGHTLY.

(ELIMINATES ALL EARLIER)

W604P

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DICKENS WAS A PERFECTLY LOVELY HISTORIAN

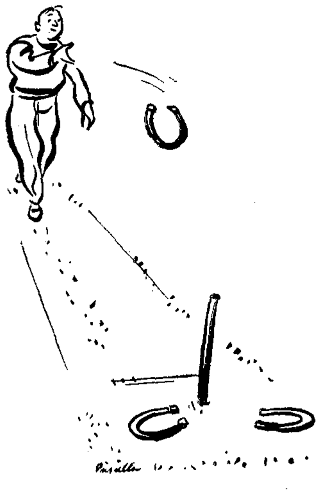
DICKENS was a perfectly lovely historian, especially for small kiddies. He scorned all the dull, milk-and-water pap about people's shooting apples off the heads of their near and dear ones which lesser scholars produced in the interest of educating the infant mind. The "Child's History of England" is distinguished by the great number of its bloodthirsty villains and by the most detailed account of the murder of the Little Princes in the Tower ever put down in the English language.

Ah, that murder! I remember it as though I had read it only last Sunday. And so I should, for I dreamed about it for nineteen years. The children—I forget their names, but no matter—trembled on the dark stone staircase; several large rats ran across their faces; a vicious old bat took a chaw out of the older brother, who screamed furiously. "Hush," quavered the younger lad, as I recall it, probably not too accurately after all these years. "God will watch over us."

The older lad shook his head dubiously. "I dunno about that," he whined. Hardly were the words out of his mouth when three big brutes, equipped with hatchets and a lantern, approached.

"Hello, boys," or words to that effect, said the leader of this detestable gang. "We've come to murder you."

"Why?" asked the older brother, after the manner of youngsters who are always asking questions. "Why?"



"Now, none of your lip," snarled Gangster No. 2, sharpening up his hatchet on the stones, an operation which Dickens reports made a very "eerie" noise.

"Please, *please* don't murder us," begged the younger brother. "We're just innocent little boys, seven and eight years of age, and we wish no man harm."

"Sorry!" snapped the leader, but, being a man of refinement, he blew out the lantern.

Gangsters Nos. 2 and 3 raised their hatchets. The screams echoed. Smash! A groan. Smash! Smash! Smash! More groans. Smash!

But here I must draw the veil. Nobody over ten years of age could survive the rest of that interesting story without a spot of fine old brandy to quiet the nerves. My sister Eileen and I, of course, were practically babies when we learned about the big Tower murder. Aunt Maggie had given me Mr. Dickens' "Child's History" for my eighth birthday. The volume was rather forbiddingly bound in a nasty mottled black and it was some weeks before I idly opened it and got my first look at the half-dozen pictures illustrating the "History."

The first one showed a collection of human heads, rather old and decayed, impaled on big sticks. This, naturally, whetted my interest.

"Oh, look, Eileen!" I cried. My sister bent her curly head over the book and together we examined the next five or six pretty pictures in this book for little ones. I remember a graphic sketch of a man being boiled in oil, several plates illustrating various other types of capital punishment in Merrie England, including drawing and quartering, and finally a large picture of Richard the Lion-Hearted eating a cow, apparently in one tasty mouthful. This last shocked us more than the boiling oil. Fancy a king using such bad table manners!

"His elbows are on the table," Eileen said gravely, horror making her lisp more pronounced.

I gulped down the first chapter before dinner that night, and for weeks afterward I managed to read enough every day to keep Eileen interested every night after our lights were out. That was no small feat, for Eileen was only six and sensation had to follow sensation to prevent her falling asleep.

"What on earth are you children gabbling about?" Aunt Kate used to call fondly from the staircase. "Go to sleep!"

"All right," I would clarion back, and then take up the story in a stage whisper. "So Ethelred's mean old stepmother gave him a poisoned stirrup cup, and he rode away into the forest, and pretty soon he died and then he fell off his steed, and—"

"What's a poisoned stirrup cup?" Eileen would ask.

"How do I know?" I'd answer crossly. Eileen always interrupted at the wrong moments. "So then Ethelred's face got all bloody, because his foot caught in the stirrup and the horse just galloped on and on, and the blood got all over the flowers something terrible, and you should have seen Ethelred, he was all smashed up, and then they found him, because they followed his trail by the pieces of his long, golden hair they found on the bushes, and then they said, 'The King is dead, long live the King!' "

Eileen was mildly surprised. "Was Ethelred a king?"

"I *told* you he was last night." Sometimes Eileen's infant mind nearly drove me to distraction.

"Children!" This was my father. Aunt Kate kept house for us, but Father was the voice of authority.

"So then the stepmother killed six more kings—they were all brothers of Ethelred. I'll tell you about that tomorrow. Good night!"

In the darkness, Eileen would breathe softly and then, just as I was dropping off to sleep, she would murmur, "That stepmother was pretty mean, wasn't she?"

"Uh-huh," I would sigh, falling into childhood's innocent slumber.

NATURALLY, once you got past Ethelred and his string of unfortunate kinsmen, victims to the last man of a woman's wiles, the "Child's History" was not entirely blood and poisoned stirrup cups. Now and then Dickens discovered somebody he really liked lurking around in the Dark Ages. But even Dickens' favorites consistently played in a run of hard luck; practically all his heroes wound up with their heads impaled on London Bridge. I don't remember a single decent, God-fearing, truth-telling individual in the whole history who survived his more realistic contemporaries. It gave a child of eight food for thought, especially one who was being carefully brought up after the mores of Cleveland, Ohio, to believe that honesty is the best policy and only good little girls grow up to get decent, prosperous husbands.

Dickens was also confusing to the youthful mind because he was considerably more hotheaded than consistent. For example, I went around for weeks loathing and despising, right along with Dickens, the conquering Normans. Those poor Saxons, good, pure, noble, and brave, even if a trifle rude and unmannered—why, the Normans didn't even speak English! The nerve of that, coming over to London and sitting around ruling good old England and all the time speaking French, that effeminate, decadent language! Fine stuff! Every time a gang of Saxons got together and ambushed and killed off a dozen or so Normans, Dickens and I cheered. And when the ambushing Saxons got caught and hanged, together we cried “Shame!” The first William, the second William, the third William—what a bunch of cowardly cutthroats they all were!

And then suddenly along came another Norman, Richard the Lion-Hearted, who to my considerable surprise turned out to be an English hero, brave, honest, pure, practically a Saxon—even in his table manners. I could never understand this metamorphosis. On one page all the kings, Norman descendants to the last blackguard, were hardly worth spitting on. (We Saxons could hold a grudge through centuries.) And then presto!—the ruling family produced an Englishman who liked his beef rare and his women yellow-haired. One of the worst intellectual shocks of my life was the dark day, years later, when I discovered Richard the Lion-Hearted also spoke French. Dickens had never mentioned that horrid fact, and all his young readers leaped to the erroneous notion that since Richard was a great Englishman, he naturally spoke the only language fit for civilized tongues.

Though Dickens was only an off-again, on-again royalist, let so much as a hair on a royal head be ruffled by a headsman’s axe and Dickens was in there fighting. Alas, poor King Charles! Alas, alas, shed a tear for Mary Queen of Scotland, the fairest lady who ever lived! (Dickens was always very didactic about a lady’s appearance. Either a queen was the fairest creature who ever ordered all her relatives drawn and quartered or she was the ugliest. There was no middle ground.) Cromwell turned out to be a nasty, niggardly villain who wore a flat collar instead of a gentlemanly ruff.

If Dickens was anti-Cromwell, he was also anti-King George III, that fat monster. He couldn’t even speak English. This last complaint runs like a river through the “Child’s History.” Dickens always sounded like a man who had considerable trouble himself with French irregular verbs and German sentence structure. Lesser chroniclers could think that William of Orange was a pretty fair king as English monarchs went, but Dickens knew better. The lout spoke Dutch.

Eileen and I always felt that Dickens rather paled as he loped up the homestretch. The murders fell off after William of Orange, and all those German rulers were pretty dull. Dickens went rather thoroughly into the piquant subject of the Hanoverian madness, though—there was a fine palace scene with the King of England drooling around and screaming for his kiddie cart in German. But on the whole we were glad to be rid of the colonial question and to turn back to the early Saxons. I always read a book I liked at least twice in rapid succession, and before my aunt finally tore the battered copy of the “Child’s History” from my fevered little hands, I had been through the first sections five solid times and was starting off on the sixth round when rudely interrupted.

I COULD never quite understand the catastrophe that overtook my informal study of English history, but looking back on it now, I suppose my good aunt finally weakened under months of being ambushed from under the dining-room table and weeks of sinister table conversation about the Norsemen. As Eileen and I became more intimate with Mr. Dickens’ great historical work, we became more and more absorbed by the Norsemen problem, and we grew up believing that the chief function of His Majesty’s Royal Navy was to battle off the Vikings.

The whole thing comes back to me with a shudder. It is eventide in a little English village circa 810 A.D., or maybe it was 910 A.D. (A century more or less didn’t mean much in those days.) The ladies are cooking up a bit of wild boar for supper and the men are sitting around after a hard day of hunting, combing the burs out of their long hair and arguing about the big Druid-Christian situation.

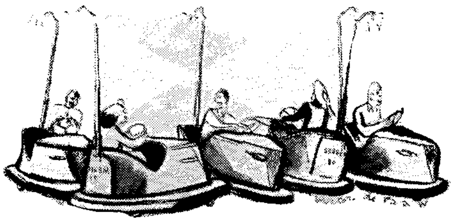
“Wash up, boys,” carol the wives. “Supper’s on.”

As the menfolk straggle into the big eating cabin, the wise old king of the village inquires, “Is that good-for-nothing lookout of ours on duty tonight or is he out courting?”

“The Norsemen haven’t been seen in these parts for two months,” one of the careless young fry answers. “Besides, Bob’s O.K. He’s a very reliable type.”

“Umm,” grunts the king, against his better instincts.

So the brave English warriors eat themselves into a coma as night falls. Far off, Bob, the lonely lookout, is sitting on a big rock gandering out into the English Channel. He is bored, profoundly bored. It is spring and his fancies stray to thoughts of a big-boned wench who lives up the road a piece. Bob steals away.



The waves lick the English rocks. Silence. But hark! What is this?

“What?” Eileen always used to ask faintly, although by the third month she knew darn well what it was.

Voices, speaking in a foreign tongue! (Dickens never forgot that foreign-language situation, not even in a big crisis.) And what are the brave English warriors doing all this time while danger lurks at the cove? I regret to report that they are sitting around on benches in the eating hall, quaffing hornful after hornful of mead, a rather heady drink of the period, and getting drunker by the moment.

The foreign voices down by the seashore get louder. They are obviously speaking a mixture of early Danish and archaic Norwegian. Yes, by God, it is a whole delegation of Vikings come to raise a spot of hell on the sacred shores of Merrie England! They tie up their big boats in the cove, and silently start Indian file up the cliff.

Now where is our Bob, the reliable lookout? Is there no one to warn the English village, so happy and peaceful at eventide? Nope, there isn’t.

Well, the rest of the story is pretty nasty business. The Norsemen kill each and every one of the brave English warriors, ruin the honor of each and every English lady, eat up what is left of the boar, drink up all the mead in the village cellar, steal all the bearskins and other wealth of the thriving little community, and, as a final touch, set fire to the whole joint.

“I told you so,” the king says irritably as he dies.

Days later, when the Vikings finally depart in their speedy boats, out of the forest where they had been hiding come stealing what Englishmen are left to tell the sad tale. They make right for their quaint wooden churches, or what is left of them, and lift their voices in the great English litany: “From the fury of the Norsemen, good Lord, deliver us!”

And that’s what ruined my aunt’s morale. The sound of those rolling syllables fascinated my sister and me.

“ ‘From the fu-ry of the Norsemen,’ ” Eileen and I used to chant solemnly over our mashed potatoes, “ ‘good Lord, de—’ ”

“In the name of heaven,” my aunt would cry, “keep still about those Norsemen!”

“ ‘From the fu-ry of the Norse-

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men,' " Eileen would whisper hoarsely.

"Eileen!" Father would shout. "I warn you!"

We would sit in decorous silence. But our lips would move, making the familiar enchanting syllables, " 'From the fury . . .' "

MY aunt put an end to it all the day she went to answer the doorbell just as her cake was ready to come out of the oven and we were galloping about the living room waiting for our lunch, which was overdue.

"Madam," said the salesman at the door, "do you *care* about the future of those kiddies?" He cocked a coy eye at Eileen and me.

"I'm awfully busy," said my aunt, looking, in truth, somewhat harried. The smell of burning cake made her restless.

"Now, I only want you just to take a peep at this remarkable one-volume encyclopedia—"

" 'From the fury of the Norsemen,' " howled my usually prosaic aunt, " 'good Lord, deliver us!' "

She did not need to slam the door. The salesman ran.

"Oh dear," my aunt moaned, sitting down on the nearest chair, "oh dear. *Now* look what you children have made me say!"

And that was the last of Dickens' "Child's History of England" in our family. My aunt put it in the stove together with the cinders of her cake.

—RUTH MCKENNEY

•

Major Gen. Breese said that one "prime example of lack of discipline" occurred when a National Guard truck ran over a soldier sleeping on a road.—*The World-Telegram.*

Evidently a martinet, this Major General Breese.

•

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y., Aug. 19—(I.N.S.)—Col. Edward Riley Bradley today announced that Bimelech, sixteenth largest American turf winner with $235,095, would be retired to study at the Idle Hour Farm in Kentucky.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

He may learn a few things at that.

•

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN DEPT.

[*From the Peanut Journal and Nut World*]

THE PEANUT JOURNAL AND NUT WORLD has only one aim: *service to the Peanut as well as to all members of the general nut industry, individual or corporate.*

THE SUPER

LATE one night, when I walked into my apartment, which is on the second floor of a remodelled house, I found the lock pried out of the door, the slipcovers pulled off the furniture, and the contents of the desk strewed around the living room. The bedroom door was jammed. I attempted no further investigation but flew downstairs for the superintendent. He sprang into action immediately, arming himself with a flashlight. "I always keep a flashlight and a big stick right by the door," he said as we hurried upstairs. "You never know when they'll come in handy."

On reaching my door, he turned the flashlight on the hole where the lock had been, although it was already pretty well illuminated by the Consolidated Edison Company. "They certainly did a neat job," he said. "Neatest job I ever saw. That's the first time for this apartment. Every other apartment in the house has been robbed some time or other."

"I never heard of a robbery here," I said. "I thought it was perfectly safe."

"It *is* safe," he said in an injured manner. "Any walk-up is apt to get broken into. You ought to have a steel plate on the door. They can get them off, too, but it takes longer. The lady below you has a police lock. They robbed her the first year she came. Look here." He led me down the hall to the apartment at the back. "See those jimmy marks?" He showed me some painted-over scars on the door jamb. "This place was robbed before they got the dog." I rang the bell of the apartment that had the dog. "You oughtn't to wake them up," the superintendent admonished me. I said irritably that I wanted to know if they had heard anything. The dog barked and my neighbor came to the door. He said he hadn't heard a thing and that it had probably happened in the daytime, when everyone was out.

The superintendent and I went into my apartment and started looking around. Brown jewellers' bags lay scattered about the kitchen floor and all the silverware was gone out of them.

"They may melt it down or they may pawn it," the superintendent said. "They don't get much for silver, though. Hardly seems worth while."

I started to untangle a pile of towels and sheets which had been dumped out of a chest of drawers in the kitchen. "Why did they have to make such a mess of things?" I asked crossly.

"Hunting for money," the superintendent explained. "It's a good thing you didn't walk in on them. It makes them sore when they don't get much."

I agreed that this was a bright feature of the incident.

"Just the other night one of the tenants was held up coming into this house," he went on. "I got my stick and chased the man all the way down the street. Didn't get him, though."

"Apparently it's a rather bad neighborhood," I said. "I hadn't realized."

"It's not a bad neighborhood," the superintendent said, offended. "This man who was held up, he knew the man who held him up. He owed him money." With this cryptic reassurance, he started unwedging the bedroom door. The bedroom was in somewhat worse disorder than the living room.

"I'd better get the police," I said, wading through scattered clothing to the telephone.

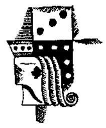
"Call Plaza 3-2320," the superintendent said promptly.

The police sergeant promised that a detective would be over in twenty minutes.

"I suppose I'd better not touch anything until he comes," I said. "I've read a good many detective stories."

"There isn't much he can do," the superintendent assured me. "It happens all the time."

I picked up some clothes off the floor, feeling slightly hurt that they hadn't thought it worth while to take my best coat. I found my last year's income-tax report, which I thought had been lost, and an empty jewel case. "Damn!" I said.



"It makes you feel mean," the superintendent said. "I been through it myself."

AFTER a while the detective arrived. He was brisk and gimlet-eyed. "You the super?" he inquired of the superintendent, glancing around in an experienced manner. "What's the bad news?"

I broke in to say that all the silver, a watch, and some odds and ends of jewelry were gone. I wasn't sure what else.

"No insurance," the detective said, as if stating a fact.

"No insurance," I replied.

The detective said I was lucky they hadn't taken my clothes.

"It depends on what kind of a fence they have," the superintendent explained to me. "Some of them have a jewelry-and-silver fence, some have a clothing fence."

The detective went into the kitchen to look for fingerprints. He found some, but they were too smudged for identification, he said.

"How was the silver marked?" he asked. "What's the valuation?"

"It could have been marked a lot of ways," I said. "I brought it from home. I think I had twelve of everything. I've no idea of the valuation."

"How about the watch?" the detective said patiently. "Have you got the number on the case?"

"No," I said, feeling very inefficient.

"Typewriter missing? Radio?"

I looked hastily under the living-room table. The typewriter was gone. "I haven't got the number of the typewriter, either," I said, to forestall the question.

"It doesn't matter," the superintendent said to me *sotto voce*. "They burn the marks off."

"You send me a list of everything that's missing, with a full description and valuation," the detective said. "Some of your stuff might turn up in a pawnshop." He wrote his name down on a memorandum slip and started to leave.

"Do you think I'd better stay here all night with no lock on the door?" I asked.

"You'll be all right," the detective said. "They won't be back. Not tonight, anyhow. Just push a chair against the door."

"I'll be around," the superintendent said. "I'll keep my eye on things."

"O.K., Super," said the detective. He clattered down the stairs.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," the superintendent said. "I'm going to spend some time up on the roof. Tenants been hearing noises and footsteps up there."

"Do you think my burglars came from the roof?" I asked.

"No," the superintendent said. "They can always get in through the front door. But I might as well look into it. I'll get the locksmith here first thing in the morning. You won't be nervous, will you?"

"Not at all," I said.

"Nothing to worry about," the superintendent assured me. "Just push that big chair against the door."

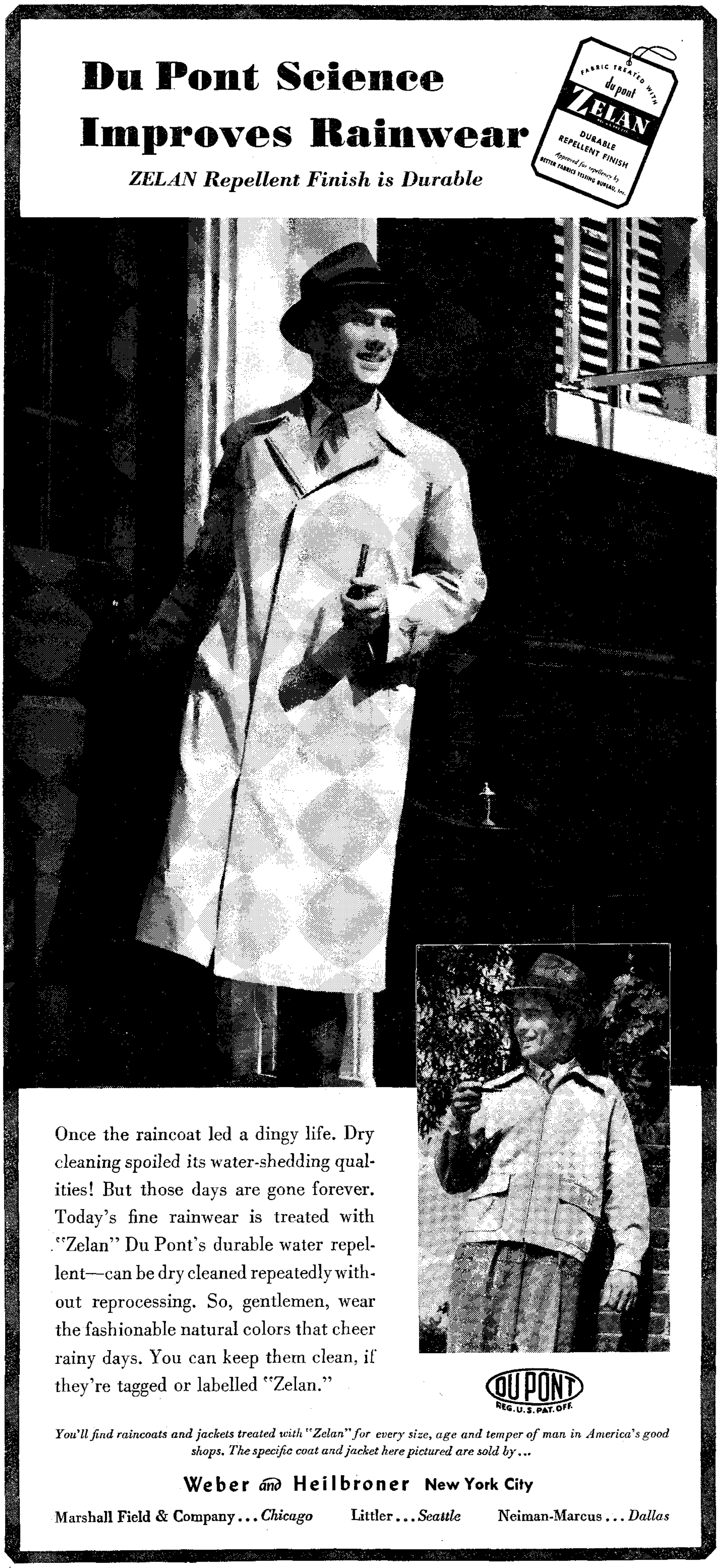
He took up his flashlight and departed. —ELEANOR GILCHRIST

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Louisville Courier Journal*]

Modern aerial warfare will be decided in the air.



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Pastor

LIKE "The Mortal Storm," "Pastor Hall" has to do with German gentlefolk. This new film, a more distinguished and polished and thorough affair than the other, again introduces us to those circles of kindly, genial, or *gemütlich* people of simple affections, full of neighborly feeling, people of cultivation, humor, and much sentiment. In both pictures, especially in "Pastor Hall," the innocent amiability of this society is so much stressed at first that we may be ready to wonder if ever on the face of the globe any human beings were really placed quite so happily. Hardly have we had a moment for such a skeptical reflection, however, before the dramatic purpose of the rosy coloring is evident and the pretty scene becomes a background for Storm Troopers and their work, as it is the time of the emergence of Hitler.

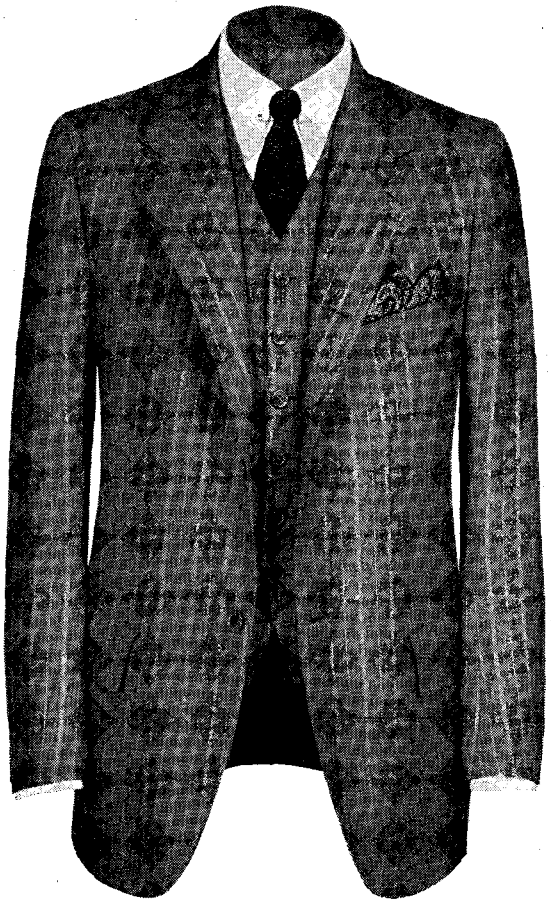
Based on an Ernst Toller story, "Pastor Hall" is sure to suggest the career of the famous Pastor Niemoeller. In the film, a beloved and powerful churchman at first protests, then, with an anger that cannot be subdued by threats, defies the new order until he is thrown into a concentration camp. An escape from the camp is contrived, but he refuses to leave the country, as his friends had planned, and at last suffers a martyrdom in the manner of great classic tragedy. For Wilfrid Lawson, an English actor, this rôle is a superb allotment. It is because of his innate ability, I should say, that that final scene, the one in the church, is not a mere matter of theatric lighting and showy claptrap. The whole film, with its incidents of whippings in the concentration camp, of a child back pregnant from the labor camp, of the outrages perpetrated upon the Jews, has been built up for this scene, and it is a success.

These incidents, and, indeed, all the details, have been managed with considerable tact, directed with much astuteness by Roy Boulting, and acted by a generally expert cast. Nova Pilbeam, as the young woman of the major drama (not the labor-camp victim), has the most conventional part to play. Her romance seems perfunctory and threadbare, and the villainous Storm Trooper with whom she has considerable difficulty of a personal nature, so to speak, is a vaporish lecher. As a general of the old regime, scandalized that an ex-corporal should have come to such power, Seymour Hicks has a triumph of his own. And strange it is that an officer of the Kaiser's entourage should now be employed as a liberal and humane figure!

"THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH" is the first full-length picture produced by the March of Time and is, I am inclined to feel, its first big mistake. It appears to be the conviction of the March of Time that any citizen of this republic can act—a delightful idea, which, however, this film should practically dissipate forever. For the most part, I gather, the performers in this long—very long, it seems—historical study of American life from 1914 to our own day hail from New London, and, with all due respect to the worthy citizens of that city, chosen because it has changed so little since the last war, I think they should dodge camera work. In their favor, I should add that the most able actors might balk at their lines. The plan has been to show us the coming of the last war to American small-town life, with an emphasis upon the German-American families and the suspicions and injuries the best of these had to suffer. Familiar excerpts from the newsreels of the day, of Kaiser, Czar, and King, and of trench warfare, no longer startle us. Advancing at last to our present day, there is momentary interest in a brief Hitler *Blitzkrieg* insert, but even this seems temperate now. There's obvious care in the making and in the intention, but the basic idea of the whole business doesn't hold up.

THE list of mere entertainment films doesn't bloom any too brightly. "Hired Wife," with Rosalind Russell, Virginia Bruce, Brian Aherne, and Robert Benchley, is one of those tangles of the financier and his secretary and the siren in the offing and the comic friend, all resulting in the ultimate triumph of the secretary. . . . Comedy of a rather dizzy variety is a characteristic of "Rangers of Fortune," with a Texas landscape, a trio of adventurers, and a small girl in a crazy tieup. It has a laugh or two. . . . Some freshness of approach marks "We Who Are Young," a minor piece about the poor New York office worker and his bride and his money troubles.

—JOHN MOSHER



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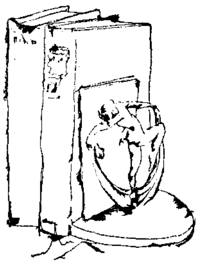
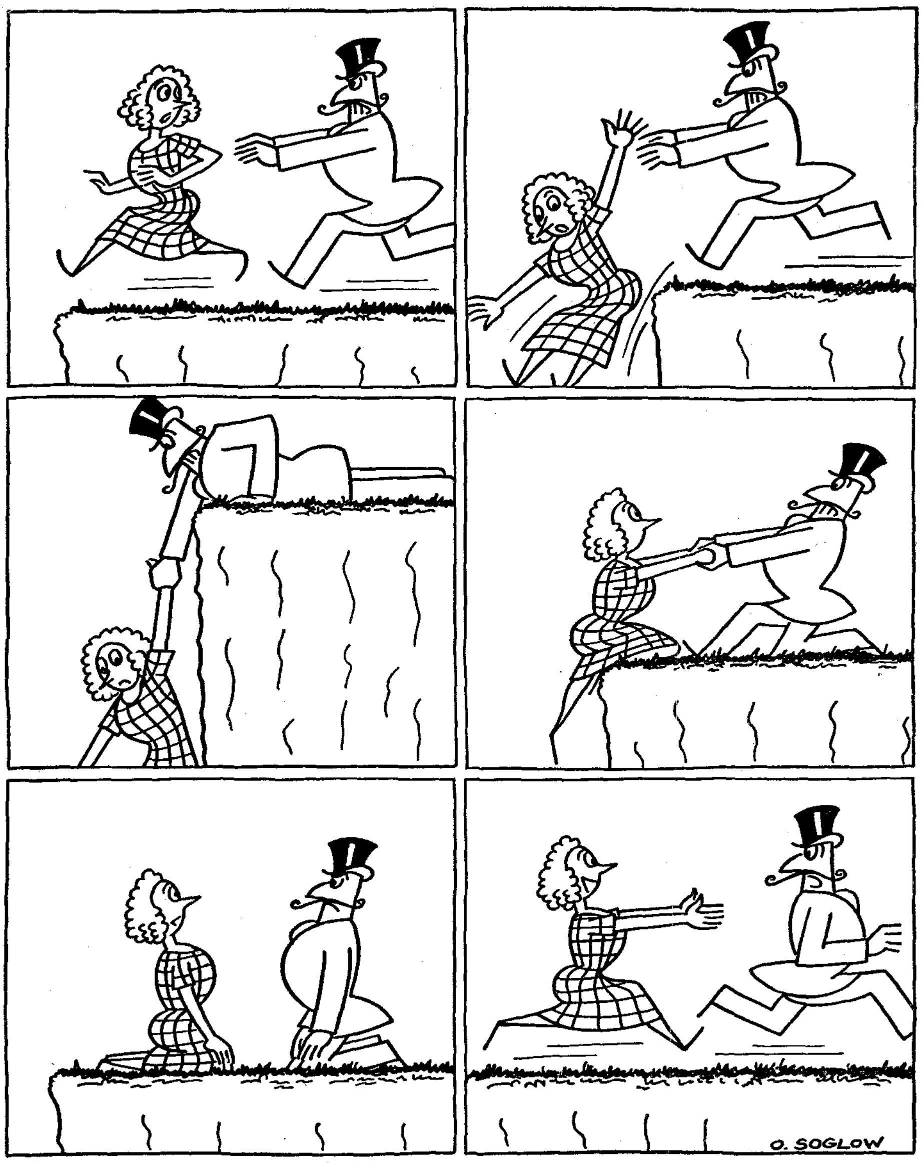


THE jacket of "You Can't Go Home Again," the second of Thomas Wolfe's two posthumous books, speaks of it as "a novel about a lost modern who found himself." It's an arguable phrase, for perhaps the central condition of Wolfe's talent was that he should never "find" himself, or indeed anything, completely. The immense motor of that talent was set going only when fed by the idea of the search itself. It slowed down or stalled when "discovery" was in sight. Thus, in the various volumes of his single diary-novel, Wolfe searches for his father, fame, and America. What he encounters on the road is often overwhelmingly interesting. But when he has achieved what he imagines to be his goal, nothing seems to happen. Describing the sound of an American railroad train at night, he can be magnificent; revealing the "secret" of America, he is sound and fury. The least memorable things in Wolfe are his conclusions. He is at his worst in summing up himself or his experiences.

"You Can't Go Home Again" is full of conclusions and summaries, hails and farewells. Yet nothing is settled; the thirty-five-year-old George Thomas Wolfe Webber of this book seems not much changed from the seventeen-year-old Eugene Thomas Wolfe Gant, except that he is more given to moralizing. At the end of the volume he has broken with his mistress and his publisher; he has turned his back on his birthplace and on Europe. But all these renunciations do not appear to lead to anything. Wolfe remained uncrystallized and, I think, uncrystallizable. He was all flux; that flux formed the matter of his four novels and would have formed the matter of forty more. He was a novelist of sensation, not of statement.

That is why his books, beautiful and passionate as they are, may prove impermanent. Warm and crowded with life, they do not shape that life into solid and memorable forms. Balzac and Tolstoy quite literally create worlds. You can redescribe the worlds of "Père Goriot" and "War and Peace." But in Wolfe the mixture is puzzling—a quantity of genuine creation plus a much greater quantity of rhapsody, writer's notes, and celebrations of himself. The net effect of Wolfe's work, despite its titanic proportions, is lyric, not epic. He is much more akin to a poet such as Keats than he is to a novelist such as Tolstoy or Dreiser. To say this is not to decry his talent or to minimize the tragic loss American letters sustained through his grievous death.

"You Can't Go Home Again" is simply "The Web and the Rock" continued; in fact, all Wolfe is one interminable serial story. This volume is divided into seven books, each one obviously corresponding to some major episode in Wolfe's own life. The form is therefore almost blatantly autobiographical; this is no more a novel than is Rousseau's "Confessions"—indeed, it is probably much less fictional. In Book I, the novelist-hero returns to his native town, observes with keen eye the frenzy of a real-estate boom, and says farewell to his youth. Book II deals with High Life, the hero's Park Avenue mistress, the corrupt rich, and his farewell to same. This section is dotted with extraordinary descriptive passages, but as a whole it fails. The reader has the uncomfortable feeling that Wolfe never really achieved an all-over view of the luxury class. With all his passion and plenitude, he sounds at times like a shrilly indignant country boy, the old-style Jacobin crossed with Governor Dickinson, expressing himself in a style of incongruous energy and power. Book III describes the effect that Webber's first novel has on the inhabitants of his native town; Book IV is an interlude containing one magnificent chapter—an ironical rhapsody on the "little man," the forgotten American. It is followed by an overlong account of Webber's English period, during which he has a grotesque, obviously overdrawn,



but rather moving encounter with Lloyd McHarg, a not unrecognizable portrait of one of America's most distinguished writers. Then comes Germany, the Germany of 1934. This is one of the strangest episodes in the whole volume. Fascism, the most important and ominous social force of the century—perhaps of modern times—Wolfe seems to view largely in terms of its special relation to himself as a writer. The final portion, Book VII, takes the form of a long letter to Foxhall Edwards, Webber's publisher. It explains (the explanation makes no sense whatever) why Webber is leaving Edwards, without whose help his talent might never have achieved proper recognition, and then swoops up into a lyrical and, to my mind, entirely empty celebration of that good old standby, the Promise of America. "I believe that we are lost here in America, but I believe we shall be found," sings Wolfe. I leave such bardic sayings to those who know what they mean.

For me, this book is not as fine as "Look Homeward, Angel" or "Of Time and the River." It has a note of querulousness in it, self-defensive, almost rude at times. It is even fuller of ego than the preceding volumes, and it lacks the morning freshness of "Look Homeward, Angel." It is at its best when the hero himself is out of sight, when some odd grotesque, like the little Japanese gentleman of Book I, or some overpowering personality, like Lloyd McHarg, usurps the stage and Wolfe temporarily forgets himself. Wolfe had wonderful talents, but no mastery either over himself or his materials. It would be gracious and pleasant to be able to say that in his last labor he was beginning to achieve this mastery, but it would, I fear, be untrue.

TWO other novels this week worth noting are Henry de Montherlant's "Costals and the Hippogriff" and Nina Fedorova's "The Family." The latter is the *Atlantic* $10,000 Prize Novel; the former comes to us un-blue-ribboned. "The Family" may have won a prize-novel contest, but it is hardly a novel, whatever agreeable qualities it may possess. It is partly a loosely strung series of character sketches of some odd, pathetic White Russian exiles in Tientsin during the Japanese invasion of 1937, and partly a sermon, in the Old Russian style, on the brotherhood of man. The author, herself an exile and now happily an American, writes with sweetness and humor, without bitterness, and with more than a touch of Christian mysticism. Her story is poignant rather than

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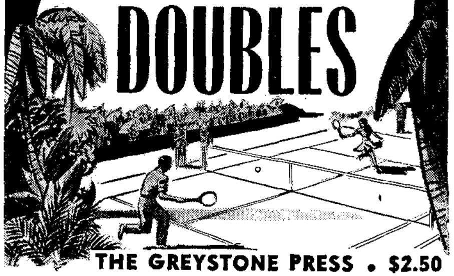

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really moving, but perhaps it bares the essential loneliness and high courage of the exile as effectively as more solidly constructed books have done.

The Montherlant novel is for quite other tastes. In "Costals and the Hippogriff," the French Hemingway continues his merciless, almost sadistic dissection of modern marriage begun in "Pity for Women." Costals, a highly intellectual, witty, and brutal novelist, is trying—or, rather, half trying—to escape from Solange Dandillot, who would enmesh him in marriage. The *va-et-vient* of his impulses toward, and flights from, the hippogriff of wedded bliss forms the basis of an overlong, highly mannered, but fascinating novel, so mature in its point of view that its author and, let us say, Thomas Wolfe hardly seem inhabitants of the same mental planet. I recommend Montherlant with great caution; he is apt to repel many readers and attract only a few. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FOUNDATION STONE, by Lella Warren. Seven hundred and fifty pages of historical novel. Time: 1820 to after the Civil War. Subject: The migration of the genteel South Carolina landowners who pioneered West into Alabama in search of new land for growing cotton. The main character is the Dutch wife of a South Carolina planter, married at fourteen and surrounded by her grandchildren when the book ends. She is vigorous, free-spoken, a good wife, the capable mistress of a large household, and equal to practically any emergency. Quite a girl, in fact, but not nearly as amusing, if anybody should ask you, as that O'Hara girl.

TROUBLED WATERS, by Roger Vercel, translated from the French by Warre Bradley Wells. A strong and pungent novel of a cod trawler off the black, dangerous coast of Iceland. There are two conflicts: one between the ship's captain and his son; the other between the men and the sea—a struggle for codfish. A first-class sea story.

SULLIVAN, by Clyde Brion Davis. A picaresque yarn about a newspaperman on a bender after a quarrel with his wife, and a thoroughly unreliable character who makes his living by his wits. The newspaperman thinks he can float through the air by inflating his body cells; the unreliable character wants to raise a monument to Judas Iscariot as the world's greatest

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martyr. All right, that's the kind of novel it is, and a pretty good job at that.

I, The King, by Hermann Kesten, translated from the German by Geoffrey Dunlop. The life of Philip II, King of Spain, husband of Mary of England, son of the Emperor Charles V, who tried to organize an anti-French coalition and failed, as Philip did after him. Highly colored, detailed, full of plot, and written with a keen awareness of the period.

Basilissa, by John Masefield. The Empress Theodora, whom history describes as bloodthirsty and depraved, was, according to Mr. Masefield, nothing of the sort. In a fictional biography, he portrays her as clever, talented, beautiful, and a good Christian. Whether or not he is right, he has written a lively and readable tale.

Hester Roon, by Norah Lofts. The colorful story, set in the eighteenth century, of a young girl who began life as a drudge in an English inn, met adventure in London, and went to the West Indies to find more adventure and eventually a good husband. Lots of action and many of the details proper to a cruel and bawdy era.

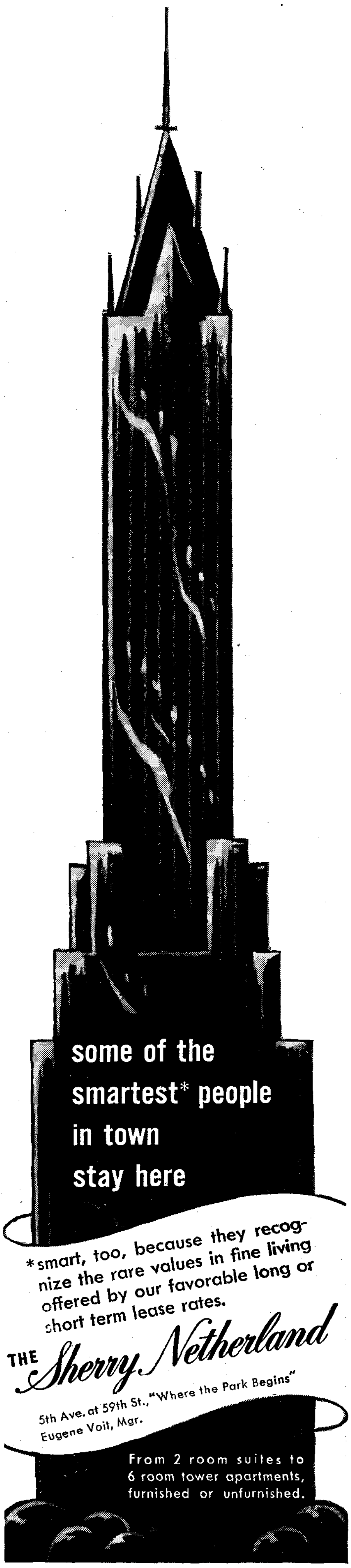
So Perish the Roses, by Neil Bell. The life story of Charles Lamb, his mad sister, the women he loved, and his literary friends, with pertinent quotations from his writings. Sympathetically told, if you don't mind novels about famous men.

Through a Woman's Eyes, by Zsolt de Harsanyi, translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The recreation of a way of life—that of the Hungarian aristocracy—which vanished in 1914. The heroine is a Hungarian heiress who falls in love with a married Casanova, marries to cover up her disappointment, and spends the rest of her life in a more or less futile search for romantic happiness. The background of a lost epoch is excellently done.

Fables for Our Time and Famous Poems Illustrated, by James Thurber. A book of profound wisdom, full of most valuable moral teaching, for young and old alike. Also some of the great poems of the masters, illustrated in a fashion to give them fresh significance. The pictures, fables, and poems, too, have appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

Sailor of Fortune, by Hulbert Footner. Commodore Joshua Barney



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U. S. NAVY, by Merle Armitage, with a foreword by Commander Leland P. Lovette, U.S.N. Tells you practically everything you need to know about the Navy: the men who made it, present-day ships and their details, naval policies and administration, naval aircraft, and so on. Some new material. Tables, photographs, ship profiles, flags in color. All presented in a striking format designed by the author.

FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA, by Henry Noel Brailsford. An English liberal argues that to win the war Britain must take the offensive on the Continent—say in 1941 or 1942—and that this can be done only with the help of American troops. He hopes eventually for a democratic European federation. Expanded from a now-famous article in the *New Republic*.

GUILTY MEN, by "Cato." An anonymous English journalist, who is evidently as mad as an English journalist ever gets, lambastes the long record of fumbling by Baldwin, Chamberlain, Hoare, et al., that led to Britain's present inferiority in armament. American introduction by Philip Wittenberg.

J'ACCUSE!, by André Simone. A French Cato makes an even stronger charge than his British colleague (see above): that, since 1933, France was being deliberately betrayed into Hitler's hands by her ruling group, including Bonnet, Laval, Daladier, Weygand, and Pétain. Introduction by Carleton Beals.

EUROPE IN THE SPRING, by Clare Boothe. Despite a lot of incidental chitchat, this is a compelling, though familiar, history of the way people thought, felt, acted, and died in the bombed cities of Europe between February and June of this year. The author recommends an American crusade to establish world democracy. Sections of the book have been printed in *Life*.

AN IRISH JOURNEY, by Seán O'Faoláin. The peopled landscape of Ireland, from Ballycastle to Cape Clear, set down in beautiful, compact, reflective prose by the author of "A Nest of Simple Folk." One of the finest books of Irish travel since

Synge's "In West Kerry" and "In Wicklow." Ten plates, four in color, by Paul Henry.

If School Keeps, by Phil Stong. Curious but ingratiating history of Mr. Stong's rather literary education in the Keosauqua, Iowa, public schools and other institutions, capped by his turning to teaching in the Missabe Range of Minnesota and at Drake University. Imaginatively illustrated by F. E. Warren.

The Triumph of American Capitalism, by Louis M. Hacker. A readable, scholarly, freshly documented economic interpretation of American history from its European beginnings to 1900, divided into the four stages of mercantile capitalism, industrial capitalism, finance capitalism, and state capitalism (the New Deal variety). Belongs on the same shelf with Andrews and the Beards, though the author forces his thesis a little. He believes that American capitalism and the egalitarian tradition "will make us economically secure and keep us politically free."

Hurricane's Wake, by Ray Kauffman. Voyage of the forty-five-foot ketch Hurricane and her Iowa crew around the world, via the Panama Canal, the Marquesas, New Guinea, the Malay Peninsula, and China. An ingratiating job. Illustrated.

Doctor in Arabia, by Paul W. Harrison, M.D. Pleasantly humorous reminiscences of a famous American medical missionary who has spent some thirty years caring for the sick at Muttreh, in Oman, at the edge of southeastern Arabia. Photographs and map.

The Mongol Empire, by Michael Prawdin, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Sound, absorbing history of the Mongols, who, under such chiefs as Genghis Khan, Kublai Khan, and Tamerlane, overran Asia and drove deep into Europe between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries. Includes chapters on their modern history. Maps and tables.

Romantic Rebel, by Felizia Seyd. In this attractive biography of George Sand, born Aurore Dupin, the author gives us a brilliant closeup of French society between 1804 and 1876—particularly intellectual society, which included Balzac, Delacroix, Chopin, Proudhon, and Flaubert—as a background for the life of its most recalcitrant daughter, a romantic democrat who wrote novels as other women bake cakes. Illustrated.

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• *Yet* the most romantic story ever told could be written about the electric motor. It runs practically every mechanical device in use today. It turns the wheels of industry. It carries people to work from the suburbs to the topmost floors of tall buildings. It changes housekeeping from dreaded drudgery to delightful adventure. Our daily lives and livelihoods depend—more than we realize—upon the smooth, effortless spin of a thousand electric motors.

• *In fact,* electric motors are so common nowadays that we accept them as our primitive ancestors accepted air, water and fire. We flick a switch—and an automatic razor zips off our whiskers. We push a button—and our automobile motor starts. A faucet turns—and a far-away pump delivers water. A vacuum cleaner cleans, an electric fan cools, an adding machine adds, a phonograph plays—and it's all automatic, as far as most of us are concerned.

• *We have* been making electric motors for a great many years—in fact we've made millions and millions of them. Naturally, we have improved their design and construction considerably since 1886. We can remember when we thought a ¼-horsepower motor, which took up more than a cubic foot of room, was a pretty commendable achievement. Now we can pack the same horsepower into a third of the space, sell it for less, and save the user a big dividend in operating cost.

• *But after all,* it's fitting the motor to the *job* that really counts. A ¼-horsepower motor and a 10-horsepower job just can't be combined. Neither can an oil rig and a motor designed for an air conditioning system. That is why Westinghouse offers stock motors in thousands of types, sizes and ratings. And if none of these is exactly what is needed, a special model will be built to order.

• *The electric motor* is "bread and butter" to us—and to almost everyone else. The more we learn about the jobs it can do, the more we can add to its usefulness. Meanwhile, we keep right on with the testing, experimenting and improving that have helped to make the electric motor the unsung hero of American progress.

* *Maybe you know a bright boy who would like to have us send him a little book telling how he can make a toy motor that will run. Just write Westinghouse, 306 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Remember Me?
JONES
DAIRY FARM
little sausage
ONE POUND NET WEIGHT

Certainly, for the Jones Season is here. Jones Dealers everywhere are receiving shipments of sausage fresh from the Jones Dairy Farm.

It's still the same savory sausage made as only the Joneses make it: from choice cuts of young Wisconsin porkers and seasoned after the famous Jones Recipe.

Treat yourself to a real country breakfast with Jones Dairy Farm Sausage.

MADE **ONLY** ON THE **JONES DAIRY FARM**
FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN • MARY P. JONES, PRESIDENT

Part of
An Old Art
of Living Well—

THE OLD ART of living well has long been practiced in England . . . part of the civilization we hold dear. And mine host of any ancient inn could tell you that one of its small pleasures is the tangy "Gin-and-Tonic" —made with Schweppes. Naturally, so refreshing a summer cooler would find its way to America. Naturally, too, imitations would appear. But the imported quality is still essential to the real thing. So insist on Schweppes—at quality shops and at all better bars. U. S. Agents: Maxfield & McLeer, Inc., New York.

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the Following Prominent High Class Stores

GOTHAM DELICATESSEN, Ltd., 7050 Hollywood Blvd.

ALBERT T. BALZER
133 North Larchmont

LLORD'S & ELWOOD
8847 Beverly Blvd.

GIN-AND-TONIC

made with

Schweppes

INDIAN QUININE WATER

Only recipe for the original, authentic "Gin-and-Tonic" . . . gin, ice, a slice of lemon . . . and Schweppes Indian Quinine Water. *By the makers of the world-famous Schweppes Soda Water and Schweppes Ginger Beer.*

WALTER WINCHELL, by St. Clair McKelway. An analysis of a character prominent in modern journalism and of the world that produced him, rather to its own surprise. Most of the material recently appeared in the "Profiles" department of this magazine.

VERSE

THE OXFORD BOOK OF CHRISTIAN VERSE, chosen and edited, with an introduction, by Lord David Cecil. The editor's introduction prepares one for the sure taste shown in his choices. English devotional verse, in all its variety, from the early carols through the great period of Donne, Crashaw, Herbert, and Milton; the best of the hymn-writers; the mystics, from Smart and Blake to Browning, Patmore, and Gerard Hopkins; and Ruth Pitter and T. S. Eliot of our day. Lesser names are well represented and the changes in religious feeling from century to century admirably analyzed.

THE COCK OF HEAVEN, by Elder Olson. Mr. Olson, who has real lyric gifts, has endeavored to enlarge them by presenting his poems as "a commentary on a text." As a result, many pages seem rather blown-up and derivative. The lyrics which pretend to be nothing but themselves are very good indeed.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SAD CYPRESS, by Agatha Christie. Hercule Poirot steps in to solve a nice case of morphine poisoning which revolves around a beautiful heiress and a tangled love affair. Fine reading, although the end may annoy the precisianists.

THE BALCONY, by Dorothy Cameron Disney. Dark deeds are excavated in this somewhat old-fashioned mystery. Good atmosphere and no end to the family feuds.

•

Mrs. ——— is living on her perfectly appointed yacht in the Hudson near Troy, and motoring nearly every day to the races. She is mourning the death of Mr. —— which occurred a few weeks ago.—*The Saratogian.*

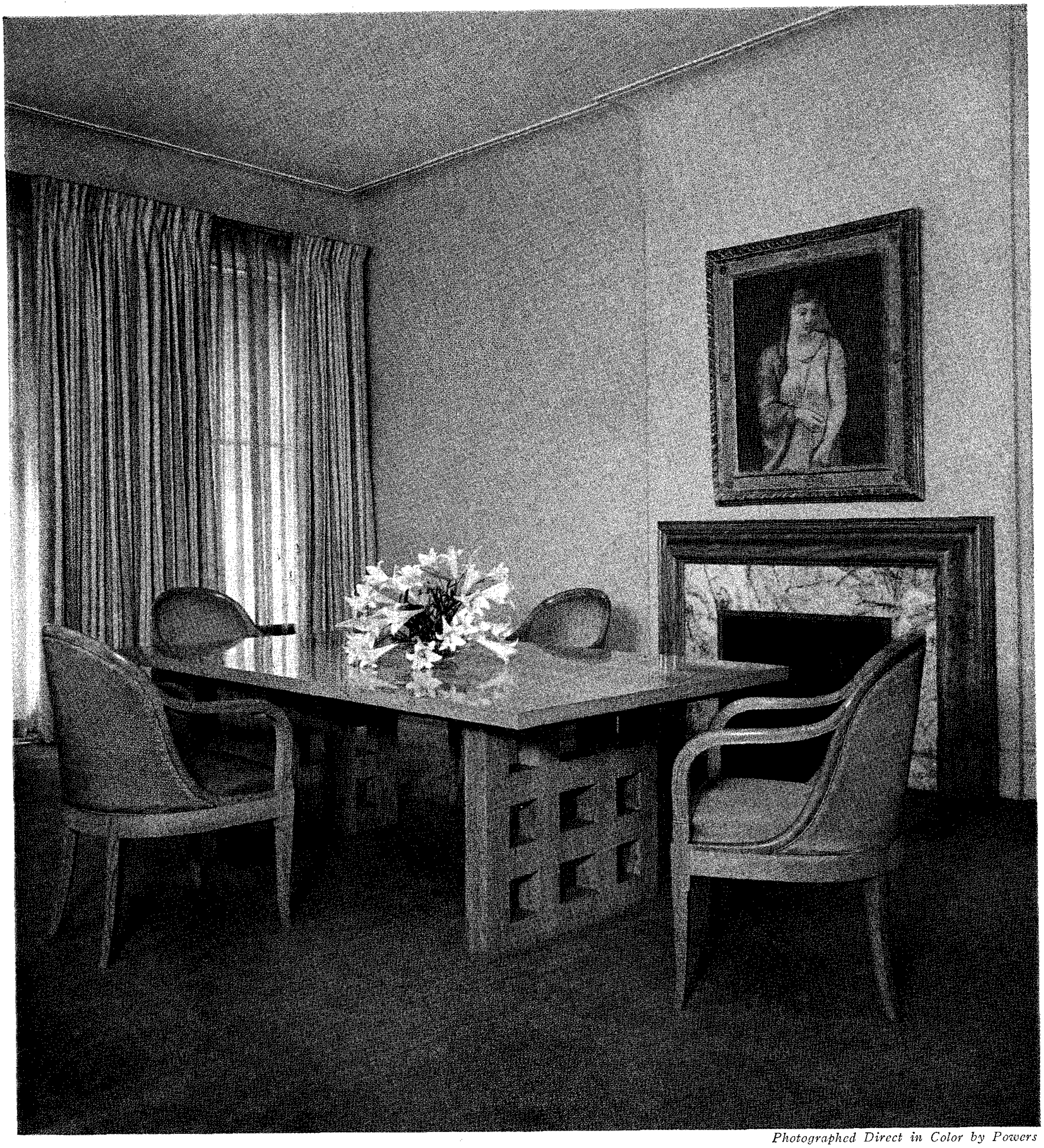
And boy, can she mourn!

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT
(SUMMER DELIVERY DIVISION)

[*From an adv. in the Times*]

"You won't be lonesome, darling—
THERE'S A MACY TRUCK NOW"



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LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Actual color photograph—Alex Irvin, tobacco warehouseman, admires a fine lot of ripe, golden leaf.

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

LOOK AT THE tobacco leaf Mr. Irvin is holding. This rich, golden leaf is the kind of finer tobacco that Luckies buy at auction after auction.

And Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine! Authoritative tests reveal that, for more than two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them.★

That's important, because the more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember: we analyze tobacco samples before buying. Thus our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow—yet milder, low in nicotine.

With independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1!

★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged

9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

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Luckies—the smoke tobacco experts smoke